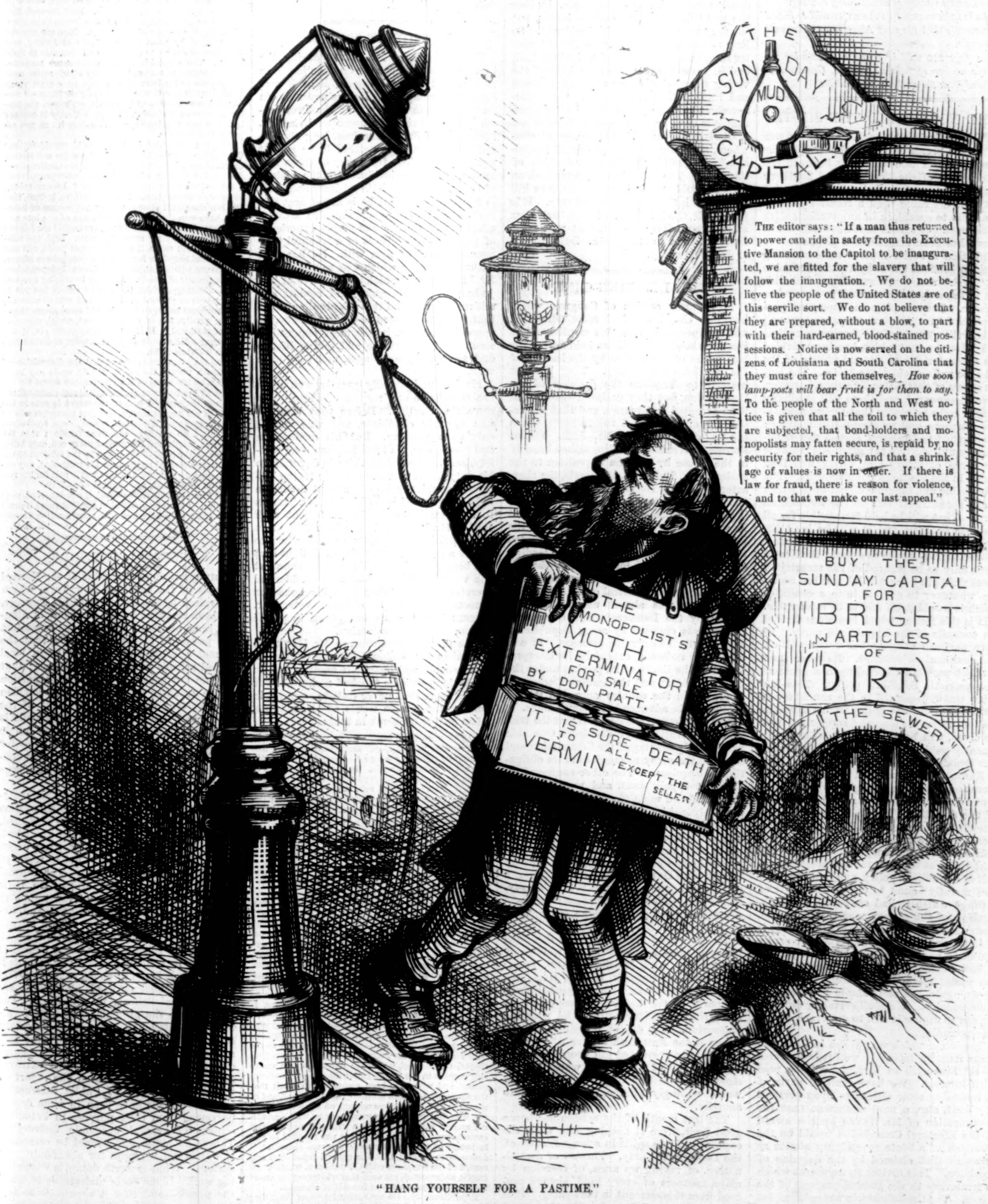
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXI.—No. 1055.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


THE SUN MUD DAY CAPITAL
BUY THE SUNDAY CAPITAL FOR BRIGHT ARTICLES OF (DIRT)
"THE SEWER."
THE MONOPOLIST'S MOTH EXTERMINATOR FOR SALE BY DON PIATT.
IT IS SURE DEATH TO ALL VERMIN EXCEPT THE SELLER.
Th. Nast.

THE editor says: "If a man thus returned to power can ride in safety from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol to be inaugurated, we are fitted for the slavery that will follow the inauguration. We do not believe the people of the United States are of this servile sort. We do not believe that they are prepared, without a blow, to part with their hard-earned, blood-stained possessions. Notice is now served on the citizens of Louisiana and South Carolina that they must care for themselves. *How soon lamp-posts will bear fruit is for them to say.* To the people of the North and West notice is given that all the toil to which they are subjected, that bond-holders and monopolists may fatten secure, is repaid by no security for their rights, and that a shrinkage of values is now in order. If there is law for fraud, there is reason for violence, and to that we make our last appeal."

"HANG YOURSELF FOR A PASTIME."

OBLIGING LAMP-POST. "Come, advertise yourself again; I'll give you all the rope you want."

The Sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY last Week was over 110,000 Copies.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page Cartoon by* NAST, *a full-page illustration of a fight between Polar Bears, and a variety of entertaining reading.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

On page 210 will be found a beautiful poem by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," printed from the author's manuscript.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

FOR the first time since the end of the war there seems to be an opportunity for a really better understanding between the intelligence of the Northern and Southern parts of the country. It is needless to point out how desirable such a result is, and it is useless to speculate in any recriminative spirit upon the causes that have delayed it. There has been sometimes a disposition to think that a better mutual understanding could be brought about by a mutual effusion of "gush" and sentimentality. But this has fortunately been confined to a very few persons. Phrases play an important part in politics. But they are not strong enough to heal the wounds of a difference so radical and bitter as that which has long divided the characteristic spirit and ability of the old Free and the old Slave States. The actual causes of that bitter difference, however, have disappeared, and there will gradually be seen to be no reason that the representative Northern and representative Southern intelligence and interest should not be politically united. We say gradually, because the sense of injury and wrong will long rankle in the Southern popular heart. The only visible and tangible object upon which it can spend itself will be the Republican party. That will be held responsible for all that has befallen, and it will be long distrusted and opposed. The only way to meet this feeling will be to show that "the North" needs only to be assured of the security of equal rights in "the South," and has no desire whatever to subject it to a condition which it would itself find to be intolerable.

It is this feeling which has often divided the councils of the Republican party. Its more partisan element has cultivated old and sectional animosities. Its more independent part has insisted upon a generous and patriotic Southern policy. This last spirit was represented in the candidacy of Mr. HAYES, and the policy of his administration, unless his sincerest supporters were deceived, will be in harmony with it. In recently publishing a letter from a Louisiana Republican and one from a Republican in Kentucky, we remarked that nothing was more indispensable to right feeling and to sound judgment than an actual knowledge of the situation. Both of the letters acknowledged that Republican administrations could be maintained in the Southern States only by the army. But they argued that this was the natural and necessary result of Republican policy, and that the party was morally bound to defend the right of suffrage which it had conferred. The obligation of the government to the citizen, however, is the same in every State. It is in Louisiana what it is in Vermont, no more and no less. It is equally bound to protect in both States. But it must itself judge of the wisest method of protection. To this result, again, the most ample knowledge is indispensable. We shall certainly do what we can to diffuse it and to cultivate a good understanding.

The letter which we publish in these columns from "a tolerably well reconstructed rebel" Democrat in Virginia will be read with interest. We have omitted parts of it, including some strictures upon persons. We omit, also, a final statement that the inauguration of Mr. HAYES by the award of the Electoral Commission would be the assertion of a State sovereignty almost as great as that claimed by the doctrine of secession. This invites an argument which is irrelevant to the general purpose of the letter. The Commission, in our opinion, has claimed no power for a State which Congress has not conceded; and we are very sure that the opportunity of a clearer understanding between the North and the South is more possible under a well-disposed Republican than it could be under a Democratic administration, because the Republican represents the true and dominant political conviction of this part of the country.

We suggest to our correspondent that he is mistaken in saying that the correspondents of the papers to whom he alludes agree that the stories of intimidation are a part of "radical" machinery. Mr. REDFIELD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, has, on the contrary, reiterated his conviction, after most careful and unprejudiced inquiry, that Louisiana was carried for Mr. TILDEN by murder; and Mr. NORDHOFF, in his letters from Georgia, in the *Herald*, stated that the colored people were left off the juries, and were in other ways made conscious of their deprivation of rights. One other thing we point out to our correspondent. He speaks of the "people" of the South, but he evidently means only the white people. He uses the word in this sense unconsciously, but the very unconsciousness is significant. So long as the word is confined to the old master race, and is not suffered to include half, and in some States more than half, of the voting population, every story of violence and intimidation is probable. Our correspondent uses the word in the same sense that it is used by the Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel* in the article that we quote elsewhere, speaking of "the people of Louisiana," and justifying the assassination of PACKARD. The spirit that dictates such an article would certainly not hesitate to kill negroes to intimidate the negro vote. It is that spirit, the indication of semi-barbarism among our fellow-citizens, that repels the better sentiment of the North. But a brighter day is dawning.

THE DIVIDING LINE.

THE stormy session of Congress which has just closed has had some admirable and unexpected results. We mentioned last week the honorable position held during the last weeks of the session by the leaders of the Southern Democracy. They did not hesitate to denounce the decision of the Commission, but they declared that it had been accepted in advance, and that the resistance of FIELD and the filibusters was utterly dishonorable. Mr. JOHN YOUNG BROWN, of Kentucky, distinguished himself in the House by his firm opposition to the antics of Mr. SPRINGER, of Illinois, the character of whose performances may be inferred from the unanimous assertion of the Washington correspondents the next day that he was not drunk. The proceedings of the latter days of the session not only revealed the firm sense and high honor of the leading Southern Democrats, but they drew the line in the Democratic party between honorable and dishonorable political opponents. The Commission was almost unanimously accepted by the Democrats, and so warmly that it was opposed by many Republicans as a wholly Democratic measure. It was absolutely unbound, except by its interpretation of the limits of its powers under the law creating it, and the leading Democratic organs in the country approved it, and acquiesced in advance in its conclusions.

The first important decision was the test. The Democratic party divided. One side passionately denounced the Commission, and declared the party released from its obligation to acquiesce. The other confessed its bitter disappointment, and most unjustly charged fraud upon the Commission. But it plainly and inflexibly declared that every obligation of honor held it to acquiescence. The party was at once divided into honorable opponents of the Republicans and mere revolutionists and anarchists. In the last faction were DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, HEISTER CLYMER, PROCTOR KNOTT, S. S. COX, THOMPSON of Massachusetts, SPRINGER, HURD, and a large number of those who are happily not members of the next Congress. On the other side, most fortunately for the good name of Americans and for the welfare of the country, were Messrs. BAYARD, THURMAN, KERNAN, GORDON, LAMAR, HILL, and JOHN YOUNG BROWN, with many others from all parts of the Union. These represent a legitimate, self-respecting, and patriotic opposition. The others, prominent among whom is the New York lawyer who has so long legally prevented the people from recovering any of the money which TWEED stole, are a faction of revolutionists who would willingly plunge the country into anarchy.

The last month of the session has borne good fruit, were it nothing else than the exposure of this spirit in a large faction of the Democratic party. Threats of assassination, of taking up arms, of coercion by mobs, menaces of every kind, always proceed from this element in that party. It is to that element that the disorderly and reckless naturally tend. It is that element, and the necessity of pandering to it, which often overpower the better Democrats. But it is not improbable that the events of this winter precede great party changes. The reasons of bitter misunderstanding between the Northern and Southern sections of the country are disappearing. A Louisiana Democrat writes to the Cincinnati *Gazette*:

> "The best dressed people, the wealthy, the learned, the respectable, the pious people (outside of the Catholic Church), so far as my inquiries go, seem to be all, or nearly all, Republican in politics; while the vagabonds, the roustabouts, the criminals, and all the dregs of society seem to be Democrats. Now in Louisiana and the entire South this is certainly reversed. The respectable, the better classes, who ought to and who must govern the State, are Democrats. There are, it is true, a few men of some character in the lead of the Republicans, but nearly all of any pretensions to respectability or character or position are office-holders or office-seekers. And this, I find, is the case with the Democrats of the North."

The respectable better classes of which this correspondent speaks are natural allies, now that slavery is gone.

PRESIDENT HAYES.

THE attitude of Mr. HAYES during the long uncertainty since the election has been as dignified and self-respectful as it was during the campaign. He has never shown an "uncommon anxiety" for the Presidency, but has evidently regarded it, as Mr. LOWNDES, of South Carolina, long ago described it, as a trust neither to be sought nor declined. The testimony of those who know him best coincides with the history of his public career, both military and civil, in the assurance that he is in the best and highest and most comprehensive sense a gentleman. He has had ample experience of public affairs. He is of a tranquil temperament and of firm will. He has that natural rectitude which was so winning in Mr. LINCOLN, and which is indicative of just judgment. He is quiet and modest and self-restrained; and it is his peculiar praise that, when nominated to the Presidency, his opponents sought, in the most remorseless scrutiny of his private and public life, to find some flaw, some spot, and sought in vain.

He has undoubtedly greatly won upon the confidence and respect of the country since the election. Before that time he was a party candidate, and was viewed only as a partisan. But his moderation and good sense, his total freedom from anxiety, and unaffected and simple devotion to his duty under unprecedentedly trying circumstances, leave him in a most favorable light. It would be unkind to Mr. TILDEN to compare his attitude throughout with that of Mr. HAYES. It has been that of an old politician dextrously pulling wires to secure a great office; and the full light that has been turned upon his canvass shows at the very last his nephew and confidential secretary telegraphing from his house an agreement to buy an electoral vote. Mr. TILDEN has certainly not grown in public esteem since his nomination.

The farewell reception to Mr. HAYES in Columbus was undoubtedly the expression of a general and heart-felt regard; and in his little speech he touched a chord of the public heart that never fails to respond, in quoting the simple words of Mr. LINCOLN when he left his home in 1861:

> "As for myself and family, we go, perhaps to return in a few days to occupy our accustomed place in this community; possibly we go to other scenes and duties, not to meet you again. In that event, I wish to say, as Mr. LINCOLN said on parting with his friends at Springfield sixteen years ago, that 'I trust you will pray that I may have that Divine assistance and guidance without which I can not succeed, and with which I can not fail.'"

A SOUTHERN DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, *February.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I have been gratified to see that the Southern question is receiving consideration at your hands, in articles which evidently aim at a judicial spirit, and which seek in an unusual degree—in view of the avowed political status of your paper—to discard the tone and feeling of sectionalism. Permit me to say, however, that even your treatment of the Southern question, mild and just as it is compared with the average character of articles on that subject in Republican papers, is one-sided, and based on incorrect information, conducting, of course, to false and injurious conclusions. It can hardly be that the two correspondents quoted in a late number of the *Weekly* are any better informed with respect to the real condition of affairs in the Southern States than the correspondents of such papers as the New York *Herald*, the Philadelphia *Times*, and the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who have devoted whole weeks and months to the investigation of alleged Southern abuses, and who have been compelled to admit that the stories of Southern murders and whippings, and of nameless and numberless wrongs on the colored people, were but part of the machinery by which admitted knaves have maintained a wrongful and usurped ascendency. Allowing all that is put forward by you in behalf of these gentlemen's personal character, it demands to be said that the general reputation and record of the Southern white Republican, whether domestic or imported, are such that whatever they assert requires a liberal season of the salt of discount.

Republicans who are not native doubtless think they have good ground of grievance against the people of the South. They are, no doubt, often made to feel the social exclusion which is habitual in the South toward all strangers except such as come well introduced, and especially toward such as appear in the company and under the wings of the carpet-bag office-holding class. Let me remind you just here, however, that this ostracism is based not on the politics which these people profess, but on the bad character which the South has heretofore found, to her sorrow, to accompany the kind of politics known as truly loyal. Nor do these charges depend on the suspicions or slanders of the ex-rebel element. We have but to take the carpet-baggers at their own word to believe them devoid of every claim of decency and recognition. Thus in Louisiana WARMOTH exposes KELLOGG, and KELLOGG WARMOTH. When the opportunity of party advantage (I will not say personal plunder) is afforded, these people, lately enemies to the knife, become bedfellows to the depth of three or more. But the South, which is simple and earnest, like the satyr in the fable, does not understand this kind of thing, believes very naturally that all of these fellows are knaves, and holds up her skirt in no affected dignity and disgust as she withdraws from the disgrace of their very contact. Is there any thing in such an attitude that calls for "more troops" for its suppression and punishment? We hardly expect a "journal of civilization" to approve the scourging of people for the sin of despising fraud.

The assertion that the people of the South are banded together as White Leaguers and White Liners, and militia and rifle clubs, and the like of that, seems to me absurd in the extreme degree. Rest assured, Sir, there is no more organization in the South than there is among the people of the North. Men are excited and swayed by great popular waves of feeling, and need no *mot d'ordre* to give edge and direction to their action. The suspicion of any other more tangible, distinct source of action, the theory which refers such movements to the issuance of orders from mysterious head-quarters like those of Rex Felix on Shrove-Tuesday, is the emanation of ignorance, or, worse, the policy of interested slander. *Harper's Weekly* is neither ignorant nor slanderous, and therefore it can not espouse such fictions.

Here is a mere hint for your candid consideration: Conceding that the South *is* to blame for not having captured the colored vote when the right of suffrage was first conferred on the colored citizen, are her people to sit quiet forever under that disadvantage? I see no reason in such an assumption. I do not believe, indeed, that the late dominant class could, by any course of behavior, have won the political confidence of the late servile class. The South could not have outbid the fellows who offered the forty acres and mule. Still, the mistake the South made, if a mistake was made, can not be expected to endure forever. Her people have means, experience, political aptitude, the love of independence, the aspiration of power. Are they to employ none of these advantages which the God of nature has put in their power to prevent the shame and ruin of such administrations as negro votes would erect above them, to the prostration of every interest, social, material, and educational? If *Harper's Weekly* says yes, it will prove quite different from the champion of civilization which it claims to be.

Who shall venture to assert that the disposition of the South toward the negro will be made any more amiable by the sense of his proving the agent for the defeat of her hopes of recuperation and deliverance? I do not threaten. I believe the negro is safe in the hands of his former master, and that his rights will be sacredly protected against all invasion and spoliation. But this I do mean to say, most frankly: that the Northern people and the radical party can only bring trouble on the head of the negro by the attempt to coerce any prescribed method for his treatment, any exact limits for his rights, any inexorable rule for his recognition as a citizen and member of society.

But I may already have abused, if not exceeded, your patience. I shall be gratified to see that these frankly taken exceptions have met with consideration at your hands.

E. S. G.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

THE question of the value of the Normal Schools of the State of New York, which was raised by the Governor in his Message, has been repeated by Mr. RUGGLES, of Steuben, in an elaborate speech in the Assembly. The points of his opposition are that the Normal Schools have become large local graded schools with teachers' classes; that they do not supply a considerable portion of the teachers employed in the common schools; that the implied contract of the pupils to teach in the common schools is disregarded; that the State affords ample means in academies and union schools for supplying teachers; and that the abandonment of the Normal Schools would be a large pecuniary advantage to the State.

The comprehensive reply to this statement seems to be that if the Normal system is abused, the abuse should be corrected, not that the system should be abolished. There is nothing in the objections urged by Mr. RUGGLES that might not be removed by a little care and thought. The Normal Schools should be held strictly to their purpose. The obligation of the pupils to teach should be made stringent and unavoidable, and the diploma should always take precedence in supplying teachers of the common schools. A Normal School is designed to train pupils, already educated, to teach. It is not intended to be a general or graded school or academy. There are eight Normal Schools in this State. For six of them the grounds, buildings, furniture, apparatus, and every thing necessary to the maintenance of a school were furnished by the neighborhood. The expenses of instruction are not necessarily extravagant. But we suspect from the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction that the schools have been in some degree perverted from their purpose in becoming schools of general academic instruction. This is an abuse, and should be corrected. But it is not a reason for abandoning the system. What is worth doing, is worth doing well. If the State undertakes to teach the people—and that it should do so few Americans will deny—let it provide proper teachers. But fitness in a teacher is not determined by extent of knowledge merely. Teaching is not only the art of imparting knowledge, which the mere possession does not imply, but it is the art of showing how to acquire knowledge. It is not knowing, it is the ability of making others know.

The State, therefore, may and ought to require certain qualifications of teachers. They should be persons who not only have knowledge, but who are able to impart it. Training for this is the function of the Normal School, and its diploma should be the evidence of such training. The rest is a matter of experience and expediency. If it should appear, when the Normal Schools are properly and thoroughly organized, with a distinct conception of their purpose, and with entire freedom from all entangling alliances, that they do not, for various reasons, supply a fair proportion of the teachers annually required in the common schools, it will be time to consider whether the reasons that limit the attendance are not conclusive against the system. But not until then. Estimates based upon what is called the cost of graduation are illusive, unless the precise grounds of the calculation are plainly stated. Thus Mr. Ruggles says that the actual cost to the State in 1875 of each graduate of the Buffalo school was $1513 27. The principal of the school, however, says that the State had made a special building appropriation to the school that year, and that the graduating class was the smallest ever known in the school. He adds that, upon a fair calculation of all years and all expenses, the average cost of graduation is but $350.

The question is one of vital interest, and one that can be dispassionately considered. But its scope must not be misapprehended. Mr. Ruggles treats it as if it were wholly a pecuniary question. But it is very much more. It involves the integrity and efficiency of the whole system of public education. And it should be determined by the consideration whether the standard of education would be raised or lowered by an abandonment of the Normal Schools. To save a hundred thousand dollars, and lower the common schools, would be really to accept a paltry bribe to weaken the foundation of the government. We are happy to say that this seems to be the mature judgment of the Assembly. For upon a motion of Mr. Ruggles to withhold the appropriation from the Normal Schools, the Assembly, by a very decided majority, resolved to continue it. It may now be expected that a careful scrutiny of the general working of the Normal School system will be made, that any necessary changes may be considered and adopted.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

The absence of Mr. Evarts in Washington has probably delayed the report of the "City Commission," of which he is chairman. It is composed of several intelligent men, who are supposed to be familiar with political science, and of sufficient experience to correct speculation, and their report is awaited with very much more interest than usually attends such documents. The suggestion of the Commission in regard to the relative power of the tax-payers or of property to that of mere numbers is expected to be practical, simple, and satisfactory. We have no knowledge whatever nor any hint of the probable recommendations of the Commission. But it is hardly possible that a dozen intelligent Americans should not agree that a municipality is not a political community for the great general purposes of government, but a corporation within such a community, whose regulation should not depend upon the policy or sympathy or methods of political parties.

The serious result developed by our existing municipal system is the enormous increase of city debts. This is an evil of such rapid growth and threatening proportions that its consideration can not safely be postponed. Thus the lodgment of the authority to incur expense is the root of reform. When a few people own the money, and a multitude have the spending of it, the money will be recklessly squandered, and the most oppressive and exhausting burdens will be laid upon capital. The kind, if not the detail, of the remedy is obvious. It was suggested in the debates in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867, and it is the subject of a recent article in the *Public*. It is, under some form or other, a provision that tax-paying property shall have a veto upon municipal appropriations. The *Public's* plan would give to every tax-payer one vote for every one hundred dollars in value of property upon which he has paid taxes. These votes should be cast for members of one branch of the city legislature, to be elected by the votes of tax-payers only. The other branch should be elected by all voters. But no ordinance should be approved by the Mayor until it had passed both of these bodies. And thus municipal government would be the result of the agreement of the representatives of tax-paying property and of the numerical majority.

The situation which occasions this suggestion will undoubtedly be well considered by the Commission, and we should not be surprised by a similar proposition from it. It will, we hope, add to it some proposition of a decent municipal civil service, which will tend to put the right people into the right places and to retain them there. Our ridiculous system is already a by-word in all other civilized countries. In a late number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., replies to an article of Mr. Robert Lowe's in regard to the public control of the gin and beer shops. Mr. Lowe suggested that the patronage which would follow would turn the boroughs into hot-beds of corruption, and lead to the adoption of "the American precedent." The American precedent is our glorious doctrine that the public service in every State is to be filled in the interest of the private political service of the Senators from the State. It is this which gives such honor, dignity, and efficiency to our service, and makes it the best upon the planet. Mr. Chamberlain says some things that we commend to the reflection of those who think that non-partisan tenures are impracticable:

> "It may be confidently asserted that there is not a single case in the history of local self-government since the passing of the Municipal Acts in which the tenure of stipendiary corporate offices has been made dependent on party changes. In most cases the salaried servants of our local authorities are elected independently of political opinion, and in all cases they hold their posts for life and during good behavior....No one has alleged that the acquisition of the telegraphs and the management of the post-office have introduced corruption into public life or led to the adoption of the American precedent."

Mr. Chamberlain is not speaking of Utopia, but of England, and he does not seem impressed with "the American precedent," which deserves all the contempt it receives from all intelligent foreign observers.

A PLEA FOR ASSASSINATION.

The article that follows, from the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, of Augusta, Georgia, is very significant. The paper is the "official" paper, and justifies assassination as a method of relief from political grievances. It is this kind of thing that honorable and intelligent Southern Democrats must see repels Northern sympathy and co-operation. The *Chronicle and Sentinel* recognizes the pistol, the dagger, and poison as political weapons, and such an article in an "official" paper reveals a condition of society which, as we have said elsewhere, would gladly condone the most monstrous violence toward the colored race. We do not hold the entire Democratic party of the Southern States responsible for the crime of such a performance as this. But Senator Gordon may well ask himself whether he and his friends can permit the writer of this article to speak unrebuked for the Democracy of Georgia.

> "A Warning to Packard.—Whatever explanations may be given of the recent occurrence in New Orleans, whether Weldon is a man or myth, whether he was drunk or crazy, the fact remains that the people of Louisiana are being made mad by outrage and oppression, and that in this madness they may adopt a summary mode of ridding themselves of their oppressors. It may be that the man who sought to free the world of the monster Packard is a stranger and a madman—though his act has not the color of lunacy. But if he is indeed insane, there is a terrible method in his madness. It is the same madness that sent the blade of Brutus to seek a scabbard in the bosom of the Roman tyrant; it is the same madness that nerved the arm that drove the dagger of Charlotte Corday home to the heart of the murderous Marat. Such madness is contagious, and it is a terrible thing for tyrants when the people thus become 'mad.' We censure lawlessness, we condemn violence, we abhor assassination; but we recognize the fact that there are times, haply for humanity not oft occurring, when the law is oppression, when violence becomes virtue, when assassination assumes the shape of a judgment of that highest of all tribunals, the Court of Public Opinion. Under some circumstances the assassin is only an executioner. Let Packard take care lest that time arrives in Louisiana. We tell him that if the general government shall foist him upon the people of that State, his life will not be worth the purchase of an hour. The people of Louisiana have submitted for four years. They have twice resorted to the ballot-box; each time they won a glorious victory, and each time they were cheated of its fruits, and cheated so bunglingly that the whole world saw the swindle, and cried, Shame! They have appealed to the President for justice, but in vain; the President has been in league with the scoundrels of whom they complained. They have sought redress from Congress, but the dominant party in that body, caring more for the success of a faction than the happiness of a people, has turned a deaf ear to their appeals. They have been the victims of continuous spoliation, insult, and oppression. They have endured wrongs sufficient to have sent a hundred nations to the field of battle. The men who have cheated them, who have robbed them, who have outraged them, may well tremble if the general government decides that they shall rule yet four years longer. They know that they deserve to die the death. The death of a hundred such carrion would not expiate the ruin they have brought upon a fair State and a high-spirited people. If Packard is recognized as the Executive of Louisiana, the people of that unhappy State, goaded by persecution to desperation, may determine that if they can not have a ruler of their own choosing, they will have none at all. When they thus determine, woe to the sham Governor! Nor bolts nor bars nor doors of iron can save him from the fatal bullet or the avenging steel."

PERSONAL.

Colonel Thomas A. Scott, president of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, and at the present moment the most prominent personage in the railway affairs of the country, commenced early in life the business of railroading, and knows from experience how to sell tickets, to take packages of freight, to choose a tie, to inspect a rail, to criticise a locomotive, and to measure with the eye the contents of a warehouse, a mass of freight, or a train of cars. His experience began even earlier than this. He knew all about rafting on the Susquehanna and its tributaries, all the secrets of the lumber business, booms, canals, coal mining, and the ratio of increase of production. After accidents or storms he was always out the quickest with his gangs of track-makers and bridge-builders, restoring the integrity of the road. His equable temperament accommodated itself to the rough enthusiasm of a crowd of laborers or the careful studies of the engineers. He was of that Scotch-Irish stock which had passed in pioneer days beyond the settled limits of the commonwealth, and cut down the forests, commenced the roads, and started the towns. His acquaintance was universal, and every where he was a master-spirit. He knew every man of capital or rising consequence in the service of the company, and met one after another the able men who were to come forward in the growth of railroads. His temper was democratic, his will imperial. He was familiar with legislative as with practical work, and saw far ahead into the schemes of ambitious or avaricious politicians, who were constantly laboring to make the railroad an adjunct of their own fortunes. Although he has been invited into many enterprises, and has been president at one time of probably more railroads than any human being, he never lost sight of his prior relation to the Pennsylvania Railroad. A genial nature and capacity and love of work have kept him young, and he never frets.

—Mr. Elias Towne was recently married in Illinois to Mrs. Ward, a thirty-five-year-old widow with twelve children, whereupon a gentleman with a turn for surveying remarked that Elias will find, when called upon to confront his municipal expenses, that the new Town has been laid off into rather too many Wards.

—Mr. Arunah Huntington, of Brantford, Canada, who died a few weeks ago, left most of his property for the support of the common schools of Vermont, his native State. An inventory of the estate just made indicates that the property is worth about $200,000; but as $25,000 of it or more are invested in real estate, it is doubtful whether, by the old English law, it can be devised for the purpose mentioned in the will. Mr. Huntington left a widow by a second marriage, for whom provision has been made in other ways, but left no children.

—Captain Hubbs, alias "Comanche Jim," great-grandson of Tecumseh—a very big Indian of the war of 1812—is lecturing in Kentucky. Old Tecumseh did not like Americans. He effected an alliance of the Western Indians, and fought against the whites at Tippecanoe in 1811, and was soundly thrashed by General Harrison. The old scoundrel then joined the English, obtained the rank of brigadier-general, and was killed at the battle of the Thames in 1813, where he commanded the right wing. Many people of our time think the old rogue was on our side. But he was wicked, and got killed.

—A strictly first-class American saint has always seemed to us as something highly desirable. At last we have it. Mr. George Kennen, one of the Siberian exploring party which started from San Francisco in 1865, said, in a recent lecture in Buffalo, that in remote parts of Siberia American newspapers and magazines are found occasionally, and that in one place he had seen a portrait of General Dix cut out of *Harper's Weekly*, framed, hung up on a wall, and worshiped as a Russian saint! St. Dix is good. If any one should be disposed to haul down that picture, the correct American impulse would be to shoot him on the spot.

—Mr. Leland Stanford, a notable railroad man of San Francisco, has been a large buyer of fine paintings in this city. He has also given to Mr. Bierstadt a commission for a $10,000 picture, a $10,000 order to Mr. Irving, one of $5000 to W. H. Beard, and one of $5000 to Mr. J. H. Beard.

—Connecticut claims the honor of having produced three of the present judges of the United States Supreme Court. The *Evangelist* states that Chief Justice Waite and Judges Strong and Field were born there, although they have all wandered away from the home of their childhood, so that one was appointed from Ohio, one from Pennsylvania, and one from California. To make the coincidence more striking still, the Chief Justice and Judge Field were born not only in the same State, but in the same county (Middlesex), within twenty miles of each other, and in the same year and the same month—November, 1816—so that they are both now just sixty years old. Chief Justice Waite was born at Lyme, at the mouth of the Connecticut (his father was a judge), and Judge Field at Haddam, a few miles up the river. Judge Field and Judge Strong were both sons of Congregational ministers, and the fathers and mothers of the two judges were very intimate personal friends half a century ago, when the two boys were trotting to school.

—Mrs. Louisa M'Call, of Canton, Ohio, has been chosen director of the bank of which her late husband was president, and is the second woman ever elected director of a national bank, Mrs. J. M. Bradley, of Peoria, Illinois, chosen two years ago, being the first.

—Judge Davis, Senator elect from Illinois, seldom loses the opportunity of enjoying a little hilarity, even on the bench, when it can be done without much shock to the bar. It is said of him that in his late circuit at Indianapolis a lawyer named Ketchum was ready when his case was called, but his opponent had sent word that he could not arrive for an hour or two. Ketchum insisted on proceeding at once. Judge Davis remonstrated in favor of the absent lawyer, but to no purpose. "Well," said he, finally, "if you insist upon going on, Mr. Ketchum, you have, of course, the technical right to do so; but if I were you, I wouldn't urge the matter. Over at Springfield the other day there was just such a case; the lawyer would insist upon going on with the trial, and so I had to look after the interests of the other party myself—and, do you know, curiously enough, Mr. Ketchum, we beat him!" Mr. Ketchum decided to wait.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT CONCLUDED.

The great contest over the electoral vote was ended early on the morning of the 2d inst., when the last State was counted, and Hayes and Wheeler were declared President and Vice-President of the United States. The scene in the joint convention at the moment of the announcement of the final result is pictured on page 205. The week was one of great excitement, the Democratic revolutionists in the House doing their utmost, by dilatory motions and groundless objections, to obstruct the count and to prevent the final declaration before the 4th of March.

On the 24th ult., the Senate, by a vote of 40 to 24, sustained the Electoral Commission's decision giving the Oregon vote to Hayes and Wheeler, and the House, by 151 to 107, rejected it. The joint session was then resumed, and the State was counted for Hayes and Wheeler. Pennsylvania's vote was objected to by the Democrats, and the Houses again separated. The Senate unanimously overruled the objection, and the House adjourned till the next day. On the 26th, the House protested against the decision, but the votes were counted. Rhode Island was objected to by the Democrats. The Houses separated, and both voted down the objections almost unanimously. The vote was counted. And then came South Carolina, whose vote was also objected to by the Democrats, and the matter went to the tribunal. On the 27th, the Commission, by 8 to 7, decided the State for Hayes and Wheeler. On the 28th, the House dissented, but the vote was declared in accordance with the decision of the tribunal. Tennessee and Texas were counted for Tilden and Hendricks without objection. When Vermont was reached, Mr. Hewitt took from his pocket a second return and presented it. Mr. Ferry refused to receive it. Mr. Springer offered a resolution, which was finally received as an objection, and the Houses separated. The Senate voted down the objection. On the 1st inst., the filibusters in the House, by a series of roll-calls and disorderly discussions, delayed the vote on Vermont until late in the evening, when the joint convention re-assembled, and the vote was declared for Hayes and Wheeler. The revolutionary Democrats were desirous of objecting to Virginia and West Virginia, but no Senator would sign the objections, and the States were counted. There then remained only the State of Wisconsin. Objection was made to a Republican elector, and the Houses separated. The Senate promptly voted to count the State for Hayes, but the House held out till nearly four o'clock on the morning of the 2d, when it voted against the Hayes elector. Notice was then sent to the Senate to meet the House in joint convention to continue the count. The Senators appeared, the President of the Senate took the chair, and the action of the two Houses was announced. The ten votes of Wisconsin were then counted for Hayes and Wheeler, and these gentlemen were declared President and Vice-President of the United States, having received a majority of all the electoral votes.

Congress: But little legislative business was transacted in either House during the week. On the 24th ult., in the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Ferry, re-elected from Michigan, were presented. In the House, the Army Appropriation Bill was reported. It reduces the number of cavalry regiments to eight, artillery to four, and of infantry to sixteen, and contains a proviso prohibiting any of the money appropriated by the bill from being applied for the pay, transportation, or subsistence of troops to be employed in support of the claims of either Nicholls or Packard as Governor of Louisiana, or in support of the rival Legislatures in said State, and prohibits the employment of any portion of the army in support of the claims of any State government or any officer of said State until duly recognized by Congress. Ordered to be printed. The House non-concurred in the Senate amendments to the Post-office, Deficiency, Naval, and Legislative Appropriation bills.—On the 26th, Senator Thurman resigned as a member of the Electoral Commission, on account of ill health, and Senator Kernan was elected in his place.—On the 27th, in the Senate, the House resolutions in honor of the late Speaker Kerr were passed, after appropriate remarks. The joint resolution authorizing the President to accept the statue of Liberty was passed. The report of the joint committee on Chinese immigration was received and ordered printed. Debate on the bill amending the Pacific Railroad acts was postponed until December next. In the House, the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill was debated, and some amendments were agreed to. Mr. Field's bill in reference to the Presidency was passed, and sent to the Senate, by which it was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections.—On the 28th, the House passed the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill.—On the 2d inst., the Senate repealed the bill forbidding appointments and promotions in the staff of the army. The Conference Deficiency Appropriation Bill and the Military Academy Appropriation Bill passed both Houses, and the Army Appropriation Bill passed the Lower House. The Senate refused to consent to a reduction of the army, and passed last year's army bill as a substitute. President Grant, on the 2d, issued a proclamation convening the Senate in extra session on the 5th.

The following dispatches were sent to General Augur and Governor Packard on the 2d:

Head-Quarters of the Army,
Washington, D. C., *March 2*, 1877; 12.22 p.m.

To General C. C. Augur, commanding Department of New Orleans:

The following dispatch has gone to Governor Packard, and is hereby sent you for your government and information.
W. T. Sherman, General.

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., *March* 1, 1877.

To Governor S. S. Packard, New Orleans, Louisiana:

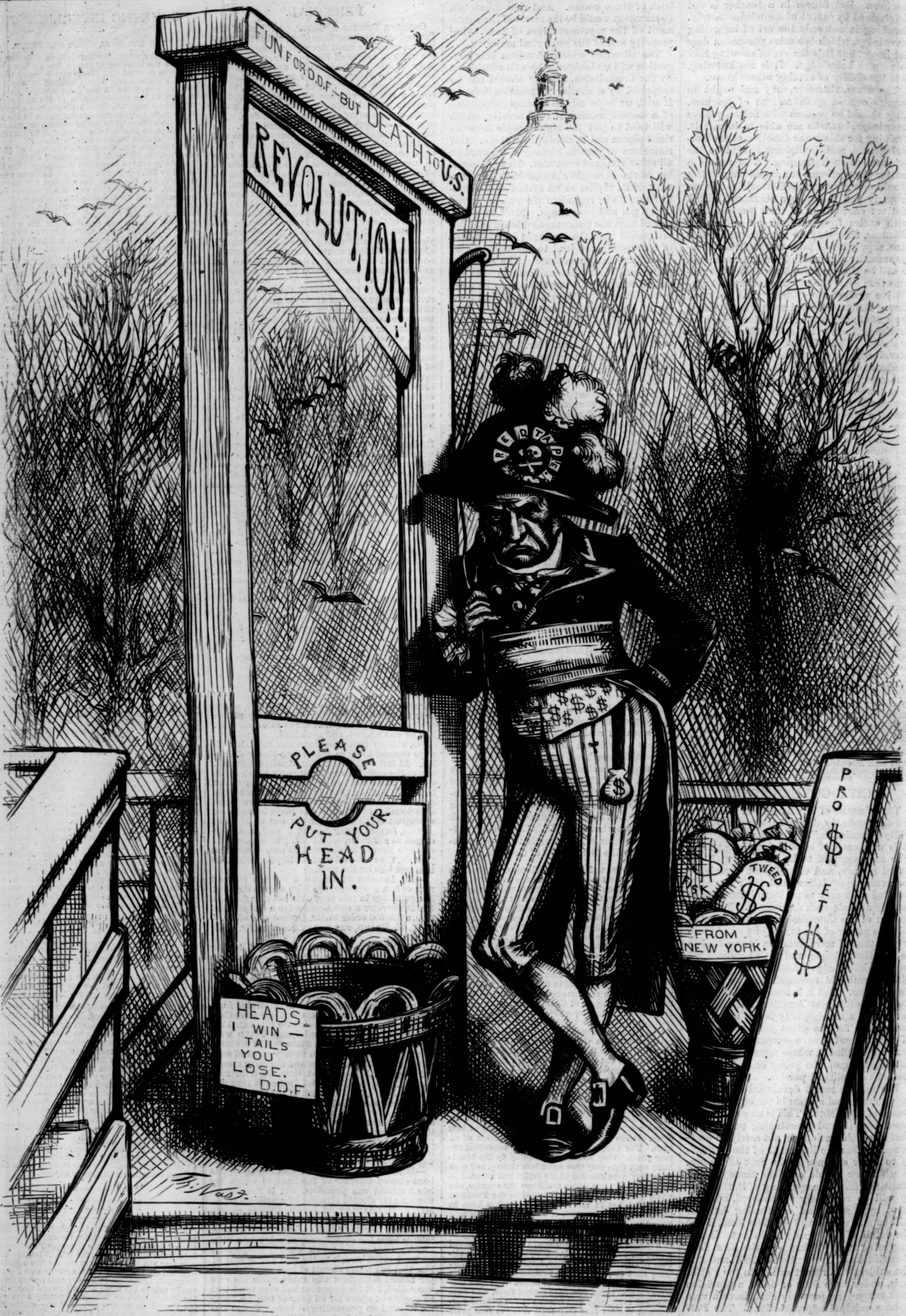
In answer to your dispatch of this date, the President directs me to say that he feels it his duty to state frankly that he does not believe public opinion will longer support the maintenance of the State government in Louisiana by the use of the military, and that he must concur in this manifest feeling. The troops will hereafter, as in the past, protect life and property from mob violence when the State authorities fail, but under the remaining days of his official life they will not be used to establish or to pull down other claimants for the control of the State. It is not his purpose to recognize either claimant.
C. C. Sniffen, Secretary.

Fox's New American Theatre, at Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, was totally destroyed by fire early on the morning of the 25th ult. The players lost all their wardrobes. The total loss was about $250,000. Several firemen were seriously injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A dispatch from Constantinople announces that peace with Servia has been formally signed. Elections for members of the Ottoman Parliament were held in Constantinople on the 1st. A Ragusa dispatch says that the Miridites have taken arms against Turkey, and are besieging Puka, a fortress on the road to Prizrendi. Dervisch Pasha has sent troops from Scutari to relieve the place and afterward march against the Miridites. The British Admiralty have ordered the immediate concentration of the entire English Mediterranean squadron at Malta. This move is important. The withdrawal of Great Britain from both Greek and Turkish waters is regarded as in furtherance of an understanding with the other powers.

Colonel Gordon, in a private letter, dated Cairo, February 17, says: "His Highness the Khedive has given me over the Soudan, in addition to the provinces of the equator and the Red Sea coast, absolute authority. It will be my fault if slavery does not cease, and if these vast countries are not open to the world. The whole secret of the matter is in the government of the Soudan, and if the man who holds that is against slavery, it must cease."

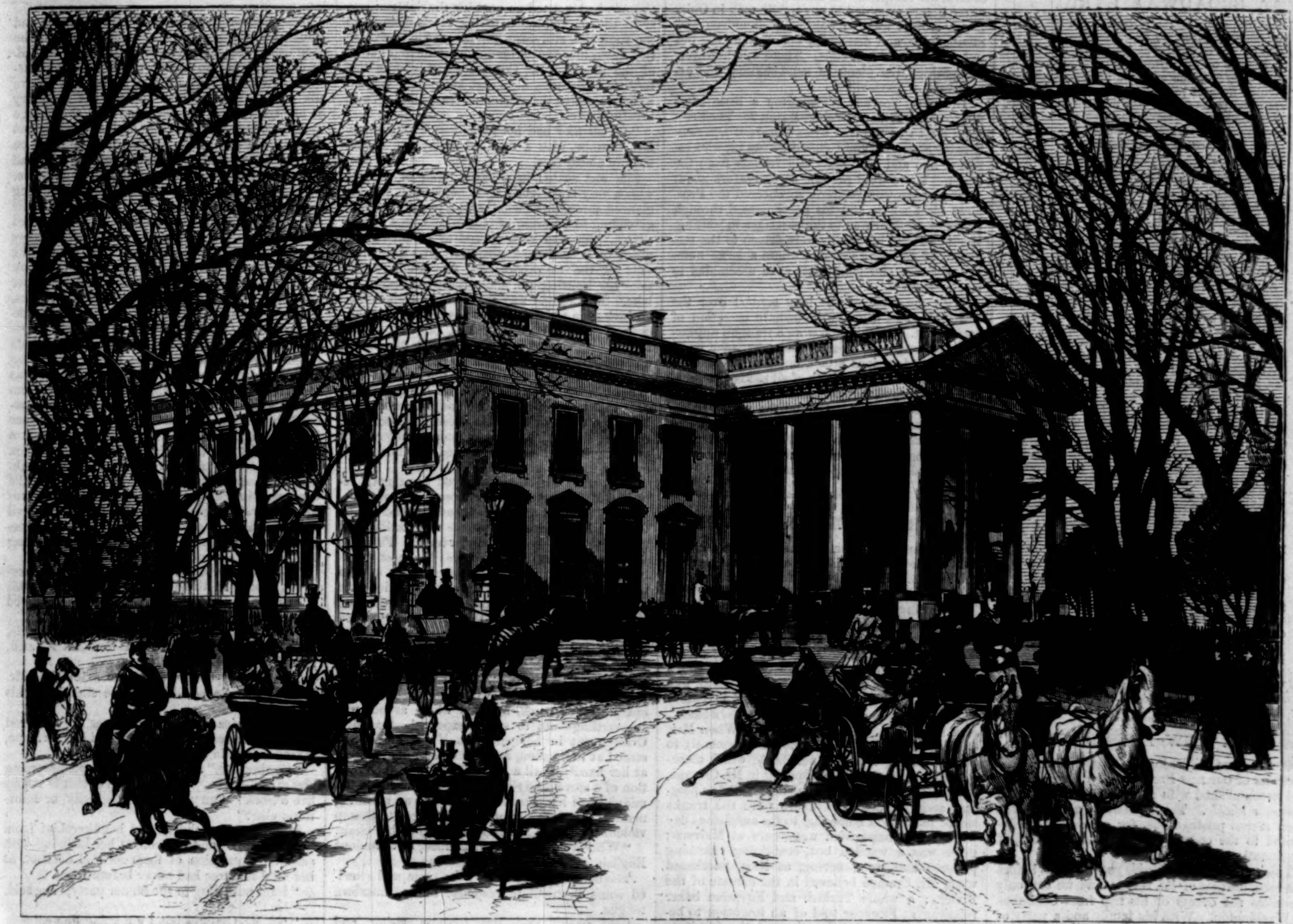

FUN FOR D.D.F.—BUT DEATH TO U.S.
REVOLUTION
RED TAPE
PLEASE PUT YOUR HEAD IN.
HEADS I WIN — TAILS YOU LOSE. D.D.F.
FISK
TWEED
FROM NEW YORK.
PRO $ ET $
Th. Nast

PROJET DE LOI.—[BY DAVID DUDLEY GUILLOTINE.]

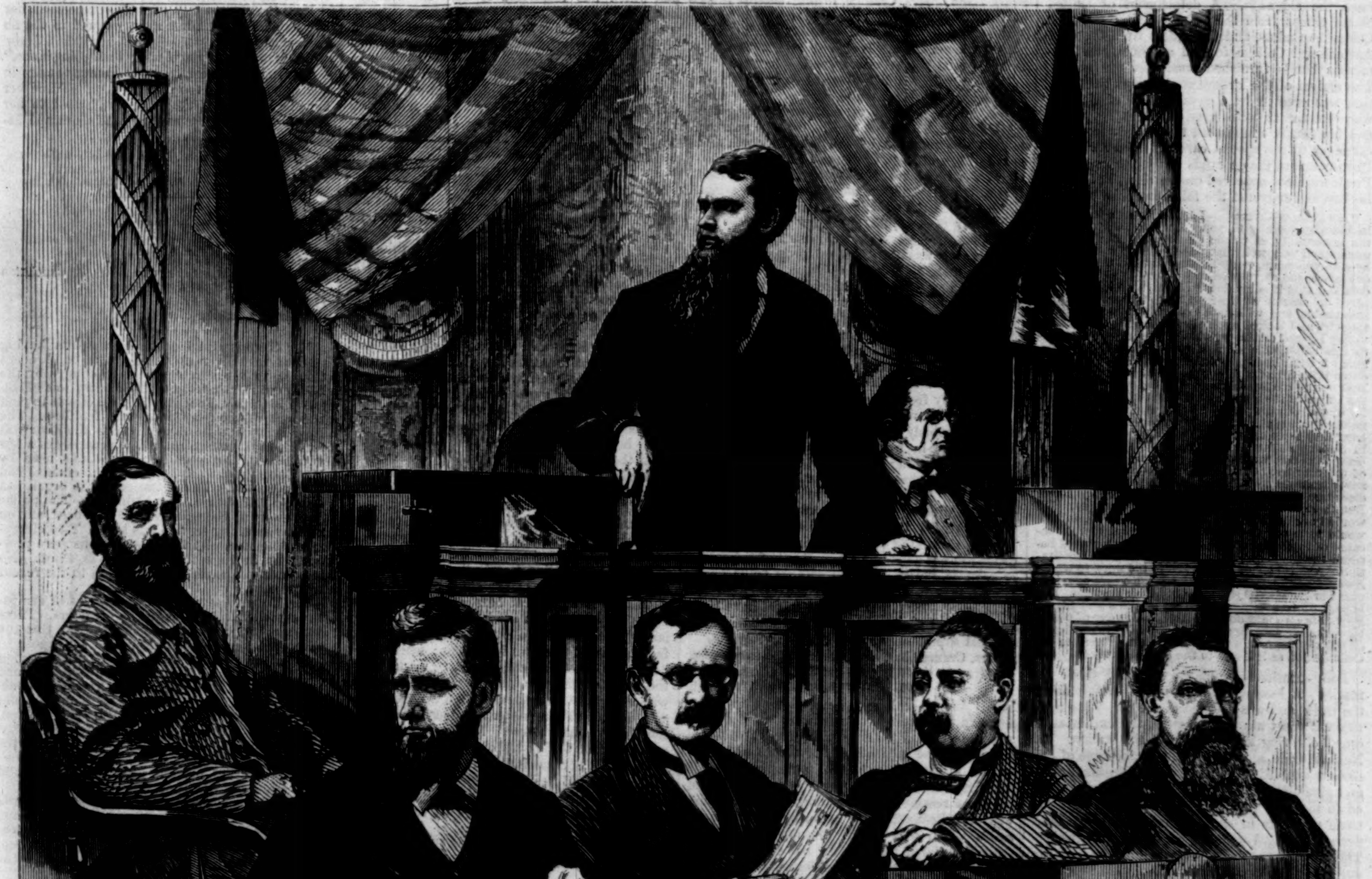
Voyez-vous cet homme là?
Voyez-vous sur quoi il s'appuie?
Désirez-vous y mettre votre tête?
Qu'il y pose sa propre tête le premier.
Nous allons voir alors comment çà fonctionne.

Do you see that man?
Do you see what he is leaning on?
Do you want to put your head in it?
Let him put his own head in first.
Then we can see how it works.

—*A French Lesson.*



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[Photographed by L. E. Walker.]



THE PRESIDENCY—MR. FERRY ANNOUNCING THE RESULT OF THE COUNT.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 203.]

A BROADWAY LYRIC.

HARK, the surge of the restless ocean
Of sound that breaks over the street,
As, lifted by trumpet-tongued idlers,
It presses on fast-flying feet!
"*Stop thief!*" is the ominous burden,
Which little of pity distills,
While the pulse that is rife for sensation
Responds to its quickening thrills
In swelling the turbulent chorus
That a moment the highway fills.

"*Stop thief!*" and the tide is arrested.
"Step aside!" Let the curious see
If a man with the mask of a satyr,
Or a woman as fallen as he,
As wanton, disheveled, and blatant,
And heedless of gathering din,
Is the ribald or suffering victim
Now caught in the tangle of sin.
"Let us see," they cry, restive and eager,
As, jesting, they push their way in.

Alas! 'tis a little child only,
A boy of but nine summers old—
Nay, *winters*, for summers he knows not,
Thrust out in the pitiless cold—
A waif, who is motherless, homeless.
Ah, the *home* and the *mother* may be
But in symbol, and tatterdemalions
Even smaller than this one we see
Have often no friend but the Father
Who has said, "Let them come unto me."

Glad, glad would they come, the dear children,
Could they catch but a glimpse of His face;
Were they raised to its light but a moment,
From the pestilent dark of their place.
'Tis more than *their* curse, 'tis the people's,
Whenever a shelterless child
(A blossom with sweetness for culture)
Is left as the road-brier wild,
Its freshness and fairness of birthright
By the dust of the alleys defiled!

O mothers, who cherish your darlings,
And train them for soaring above,
Stretch your arms that the ignorant starveling
May climb to God's home by your love!
O men, who have hearts left for pity,
And something to spare from your store,
Lend to Him for the use of *His* children—
He will pay you a hundredfold more—
Whose angels are silently waiting
To bless him who blesses the poor!

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

OUR readers will be interested in the admirable portraits of our new President and his estimable and accomplished wife given in this number of *Harper's Weekly*. These portraits are engraved from recent photographs, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of MR. JAMES LANDY, of Cincinnati.

This number of the *Weekly* goes to press before the inauguration of MR. HAYES, and we can only chronicle the events of his trip from Columbus to Washington. With his family and a party of friends he left Columbus, March 1, going by way of Pittsburg and Harrisburg. The street leading from the Governor's residence to the railroad station was gayly decorated with flags, and crowds lined the sidewalk. A detachment of United States troops from the Columbus Barracks, the Columbus Cadets, and the cadets from the Ohio Agricultural College formed an escort, and numerous bands furnished music for the march. The arrival of the Presidential party at the station was greeted by a great crowd of citizens, who rent the air with lusty cheers as MR. HAYES and his family transferred themselves from the carriages to the special cars provided for them. In response to the demands of the multitude, the President elect appeared on the rear platform of his car, and delivered the following brief speech:

> "MY FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I appear to say a few words in bidding good-by to you. I understand very well the uncertainty of public affairs at Washington. I understand very well that possibly next week I may be with you again, to resume my place in the Governor's office and as your fellow-citizen. But I also understand that it is my duty to be at Washington, prepared to assume another position, higher and more responsible, and with more difficult duties. I have thought, as I looked upon this great audience, and as to-day I gazed on the people who thronged our route to this dépôt, of a similar occurrence sixteen years ago. A little less than sixteen years ago I marched down High Street with a thousand men, to pass to the East and to the South, to do what we could to restore the Union of the States and to re-establish the authority of the Constitution. In that work we were eminently successful, so far as it was possible to be successful by force of arms. I am not here to say a word in disparagement of what was accomplished by the brave men who went out with me from different parts of the country. Of my comrades one-third and over never returned to their homes. They perished in the discharge of their duty, that the republic might live. But there was something force could not do. We would have our Union to be a union of hearts, and we would have our Constitution obeyed not merely because of force that compels obedience, but obeyed because the people love the principles of the Constitution. And to-day, if I am called to the work to which ABRAHAM LINCOLN was called sixteen years ago, it is under brighter skies and more favorable auspices. I do hope, I do fervently believe, that by the aid of Divine Providence we may do something in this day of peace, by works of peace, toward re-establishing in the hearts of our countrymen a real, a hearty attachment to the Constitution as it is and to the Union as it is."

Long-continued applause followed these remarks. A locomotive then moved slowly down the track, and was coupled to the car. The next moment the train moved away, the enthusiastic crowd cheering loudly as it left the station. At Newark, Ohio, another immense concourse of citizens assembled to get sight of the President elect and give him a hearty greeting. He was escorted to the rear platform, and was kept busy for some moments in shaking hands as the people pressed forward with eagerness for recognition. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and wishes for success of the new administration were showered on the President elect. Calls were made for a speech, but he bowed in acknowledgment, and in a moment the train was gone. After the train had passed half a length, a colored man made a break for the rear car, clambered up, and got a shake of his hand for his pains. The colored people were out in full force.

The same enthusiastic reception awaited the party at Pittsburg. At all points along the road, indeed, the reception was enthusiastic to a degree never before accorded to any public man in Ohio. Large crowds were in waiting at Dennison and Steubenville, and demanded not only to see but to hear the President elect. There was, however, no speaking, but plenty of hand-shaking and expressions of good-will.

The party reached Washington a little after nine o'clock, Friday morning, March 2. The President elect was received by ex-Governor DENISON, Senator SHERMAN, and General SHERMAN, who escorted him and his family and friends from the dépôt. There were present as spectators about 2000 persons, who vociferously cheered the President elect as he and his party passed through the lines on their way to the carriages in waiting. MR. HAYES and his family were driven to the residence of Senator SHERMAN, where a large number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled to receive them.

With the close of the long contest over the electoral count came an immediate cessation of excitement. Washington wore a tranquil appearance, although the Democratic newspaper came out with a ferocious attack on Messrs. RANDALL and WOOD. It accused both of all kinds of treachery, and charged that they alone were responsible for HAYES'S election. But, on the whole, no attention was paid to this kind of raving, and congratulations were heard on every hand over the escape from the perplexities that would have followed a failure to complete the count.

A FOREIGN CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

MR. CRAMPE was one of those persons afflicted from birth with a mania for change and perpetual motion. Every physical force in nature and every trivial event in life said to him, "Move on."

Accordingly Mr. Crampe had moved on for the past ten years at least, and all his dearest friends said that they did not know how Mrs. Crampe put up with his vagaries. The way Mrs. Crampe put up with them was to follow in her husband's erratic footsteps over the face of the earth, like a dutiful wife, and to keep a sort of inventory of her household gods, stored at various bankers', in a note-book. Melancholy task! When Mrs. Crampe was in low spirits, she was frequently to be seen poring over this note-book, which marked different stages of development in Mr. Crampe, with whom all movement was designated as progress and development. There were the trunks stored in London belonging to the auspicious day when Mr. Crampe tried water-cure at Malvern; there was a wooden box, containing charming pictures and wood-carving, at Nice, purchased when Mr. Crampe believed in the climate of the Riviera; a whole Turkish and Egyptian bazar reposing at Florence told of an intention to become a permanent Oriental; and the furniture of many cases at Geneva revealed a reaction of conviction, when Mr. Crampe discarded the softer beauties of the Nile for the bracing cold of Switzerland. Mrs. Crampe, during such periods of despondency, often remarked that she only wished she had the money back which these gimcracks necessarily cost, or could always remember what she actually owned.

Far away in a quiet town of America was a double house, painted white, with green window-blinds, and a pleasant veranda overlooking the main street. The heart of Mrs. Crampe yearned toward this mansion, as she jaunted north and south, east and west, in search of a country suited to the health of Mr. Crampe. Such a land had never as yet been found, but it was a goal toward which the unflagging feet of her husband constantly pressed, his spirit buoyed up by the stimulus of fresh hope at each experiment. The white house was the personal property of Mrs. Crampe, and she loved it as home. Now it was rented to any despoiler with children who would hire it for the summer, and trample her best carpets under foot. The neighbors freely remarked that had the house belonged to Mr. Crampe instead, he would have split it up into kindling wood long ago, if only to feed the fires of locomotives and steam-ships which should bear him farther away from America.

Mr. Crampe was a pale and cadaverous man, although nobody knew precisely what ailed him. At one time he was enthusiastic on the subject of the circulation; at another, he would assure an interested questioner that it had always been his throat. Learned must be the person who could mention a patent invigorator or an inhalation which Mr. Crampe had not already tested. He was a walking advertisement testifying that drugs are not deleterious unto death, for he never read of a new medicine without feeling convinced that it exactly suited the symptoms of "his case"—whatever his case might have been—and tested the remedy with such interest as a chemist experiments in his laboratory.

Mrs. Crampe had long since ceased to pine for the oysters, lobsters, and fish-balls of her native land, in the presence of her husband, as such highly improper longings only led to dissertations on the digestive apparatus of man, and its abuses in the United States. She had also learned to stifle the instincts of her nature which required a hearth-stone, the domestic circle of harmless local gossip, if you choose, and a little innocent relaxation in one's own kitchen in the way of cake-making for company, with a large calico apron over a tidy morning dress. Her friends declared that she did not sufficiently assert her rights, especially the element with strongly developed views on the subject of woman's suffrage. Undoubtedly this was true. Mr. Crampe pursued the will-o'-the-wisp health over hill and dale, entirely oblivious of his wife's regrets and homesickness, because she never complained.

It is even doubtful if the excellent lady would ever have asserted herself at all, had not the dark shadow of a chimney-sweep fallen athwart her path, and she lost her temper.

The change came like a clap of thunder. Mr. Crampe had insisted on crossing the Splügen early in the season, much to his wife's dismay, as the snow was still deep, and had accordingly rattled down into Switzerland among the first guests of the season. Mr. Crampe scarcely ever lost faith in the Swiss air—that keen, pure current which comes to the exhausted frame like a fresh breath of life.

"I wish they had not invited us," soliloquized Mrs. Crampe, with a flush of annoyance on her usually placid face.

She was seated in a small room of a hotel, with a very large trunk open before her, and she glanced through the window at a pleasant garden extending to a margin of blue lake, with a sigh of regret. She had been invited to a dinner party given by a celebrated physician who dwelt in a villa of the neighborhood. She would rather take her knitting out under the trees beside the lake. Mr. Crampe was pleasurably excited over an invitation which involved possible medical discussion with the cigars. Mrs. Crampe shrank from foreign society, where she felt ill at ease, and did not know what was precisely suitable to wear on such an occasion as the present one. Women spend precious hours of life pondering over this perplexing and nice adjustment of not being too much or too little dressed. Poor Mrs. Crampe, shy and nervous among strangers, had even leaned on that broken reed, her husband's opinion, in the matter.

"Oh, wear the best gown you have got," returned Mr. Crampe, with his nose in the air.

Mrs. Crampe, thus advised, had just laid out on the bed her Paris-made mauve silk, and placed the white Brussels lace shawl over it. This lace shawl, delicate as frost-work, was her most valuable possession. She never appeared at ease in the costly drapery, but rather as if the price once paid still troubled her mind. She sat meditating on the toilet essential to the dinner party, when the door was flung open suddenly, and a demon entered.

He was coal-black, with those curious livid shadows about the mouth and eyes which betray the existence of a white skin beneath this opaque outer mask, and his whole aspect was so startling—not to say unexpected—that Mrs. Crampe sat in her chair as if petrified. She stared at the demon, and the demon stared back at her fixedly, until a roll of the eye in the direction of a stove-pipe revealed the white balls in the midnight of his countenance in such an alarming manner that Mrs. Crampe's heart began to thump violently, and she gave a little jump on her chair.

"Who are you?" she demanded, in tremulous English.

The demon advanced into the room, and growled some inarticulate response in an unknown tongue.

"Go away," said Mrs. Crampe, rising, and pointing to the door, with assumed dignity.

The demon glanced back at the door, shook his head, and even chuckled in a derisive manner, which was calculated to chill the stoutest heart.

"Do you hear me? Leave this room!" said Mrs. Crampe, with surprising accession of firmness and increasing color.

Whereupon the demon poured forth a return volley, harsh, guttural, and wholly unintelligible, raising his voice to a higher key, as if defying her authority, and still looking about the room. To this day Mrs. Crampe is confident that he was swearing at her.

In this truly serious emergency the lady's spirit quailed within her, and she backed into a remote corner, behind an arm-chair. What did he wish? What would he do next? Had he come to rob and murder her?

"He looks wicked enough for any thing; I am sure that he would wring my neck for a sixpence," she meditated, in trepidation.

The demon, thus left in possession of the field, sprang on a chair, and wrenched a long stove-pipe from its fitting in the wall. Nor was this the extent of his evil deeds. A cloud of soot puffed out into the chamber, whirled about in eddies, and settled in Mrs. Crampe's open trunk, and covered, like a sable veil, the delicate lace shawl and the mauve silk dress on the bed.

When the extent of her misfortune dawned upon her understanding, such a shriek escaped from the lips of the indignant lady, followed by a ringing of the bell, that Mr. Crampe heard it five doors away, not to mention other affrighted inmates of the hotel all along the corridor.

Mrs. Crampe, that mild and inoffensive woman, transformed into a giantess of courage and strength by the wrongs heaped upon her, was discovered struggling frantically with the demon over the dismembered stove-pipe, each conversing eloquently in a different language, and unable to make the other out in the least. To use a familiar term, she was "beside herself," and was not fully aware of her own intentions: whether she desired to take the demon prisoner, or to rescue the proof of his guilt, the stove-pipe, to serve as witness against him, she could not afterward herself decide. There never was such an exhibition in that hotel before. Mr. Crampe, suddenly aroused from testing his own pulse for the edification of a nervous invalid in the latter's apartment, could not believe his own eyes. His wife was struggling with a sulky chimney-sweep, and between them a stove-pipe swayed wildly to and fro.

"My dear, what are you about?" inquired Mr. Crampe, bouncing in the door with not unnatural alarm.

"He has spoiled every thing, the wretch!" gasped Mrs. Crampe.

Indeed, the destruction of her best clothes had alone nerved her to assaulting the demon with her own hands. That dusky intruder, with as much indignation as a coal-black countenance might express, now withdrew, bearing away the stove-pipe in triumph, and muttering remarks in which the sanity of Mrs. Crampe clearly was called into question.

Every one ran to examine the smutty dress and blackened lace shawl; the ridges of soot in the open trunk were delightful to contemplate as well. Of course no person was to blame for the catastrophe involving the ruin of a Paris-made mauve silk dress. The landlord accused the secretary of negligence, and the secretary laid the charge to the porter, who in turn scolded the *garçon d'étage*, until the whole weight of blame fell on the shoulders of the *femme de chambre*, who had told the sweep to take away the pipe of room No. 47, then unoccupied, and he had chosen the wrong corridor and No. 11 instead. In a great crisis there is always a scape-goat on whom is wreaked public vengeance. The poor *femme de chambre* wept over her own confidence in a blundering chimney-sweep, and was dismissed on the spot. It was quite astonishing to ascertain the number of faults previously perceived in the delinquent, which now came to light against that murky background, Mrs. Crampe's demon. The lady opposite had never quite liked her expression, which conveyed repressed insolence; her unwillingness to produce hot water at the right moment was also freely discussed; while the little boy from school was nearly sure that another boy had accused her of stealing ten francs the previous year in a neighboring hotel. Mrs. Crampe gave her a napoleon behind the door, however, and a neck ribbon rescued from the sooty depths of the trunk. The chimney-sweep vanished swiftly amidst the confusion incident to his escapade. A believer in witchcraft might readily fancy him an evil spirit in disguise, who departed subsequently rejoicing over the mischief he had wrought among Mrs. Crampe's worldly goods.

"You can break every bone in a chimney-sweep's body in these foreign lands, I suppose, but that will not restore a soiled silk," observed Mr. Crampe, philosophically.

"Or a beautiful lace shawl," added his wife, sharply. "If I was a man, I wouldn't sit still, though."

This contemptuous remark so astonished Mr. Crampe that he could only gaze silently at his better half.

"In America all the stove-pipes are removed and cleaned as early as May," sobbed Mrs. Crampe, taking refuge in sudden tears.

"So they are," assented Mr. Crampe, becoming abstracted again. "Bless me, Maria, it is nearly five o'clock! Can you wear a black silk, or something else?"

Mrs. Crampe withdrew the handkerchief from her moist eyes, and confronted her husband with such an expression of firmness and decision as her mild features had never before worn.

"I am not going to the dinner party," she said.

"No?"

"No, Mr. Crampe, but I am going home."

"Why, Maria, you forget that I have never tried the grape cure, nor even the whey treatment yet," protested Mr. Crampe. "I have come to the conclusion that Nature's medicines must be best."

Mrs. Crampe merely slightly compressed her lips, as she restored her smutty shawl to the no less smutty trunk.

"You may do as you please; I am going home."

The rude interposition of a chimney-sweep in a chamber already too small for herself and her luggage had proved the last straw added to her already overtaxed patience, and Mrs. Crampe asserted her rights at last.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH, 1877.

Sunday, 18.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 25.—Sixth Sunday in Lent; Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.
Friday, 30.—Good-Friday.
Saturday, 31.—Easter-even.

MR. TOOTH and his church-wardens having refused to deliver up the keys of St. James's Church to the curate placed in charge by the Bishop of Rochester, a forcible entry was effected on Saturday, February 10. All efforts to pick the lock of the front-door were fruitless. The Rev. BENJAMIN DALE, as soon as the door was forced, took possession, in the presence of a few witnesses. The peculiar decorations used by Mr. TOOTH within and without the chancel had been removed. The entrance to the organ had been barred with strong planking. The police kept guard all Saturday night at the door, and on Sunday morning service was held. Two clergymen officiated. At first few persons were present, but in time the church was filled. No reference was made in the sermon to the recent troubles.

Mr. TOOTH has received an address of sympathy signed by 1270 of his late parishioners. There was a report circulated for a few days that the three prosecutors had expressed a purpose to release their rector from jail by withdrawing the prosecution. A card has appeared, signed by one of the three, in which the report is denied. Nor is it believed that Mr. TOOTH would pay the costs of prosecution, thus far incurred, in order to effect his release. The report that the English Church Union is divided on the question of sustaining him is also denied. During January, 461 persons joined the Union, and only twenty-two withdrew.

On February 17 Mr. TOOTH was discharged from prison. In giving the order of release, Lord PENZANCE said, that as lawful services had been re-established in the Hatcham Church, there was no farther reason for detaining the rector.

The question of preaching by women troubles other churches than the Presbyterian. Mrs. HANNAFORD, the pastor of a Universalist Society in Bergen, New Jersey, has been dismissed by her congregation. Evidently a majority (though it was not large) had become weary of the experiment of a female pastorate. Mrs. HANNAFORD's supporters have, however, organized for her another church. In the New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting a long and heated debate was had, Monday, February 26, on the question whether Miss Oliver should preach before them the following Monday. This lady had, at a previous session, been invited by the ministers to deliver a sermon; the invitation was finally withdrawn, on the ground that it would sanction preaching by women in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

There is a growing disposition shown by Methodist ministers to escape the inconveniences of an itinerant life by accepting pastoral positions in other Protestant Churches. Of the men who have been in New York and its vicinity, Vincent is now in the Presbyterian Church, Watkins in the Protestant Episcopal, Robert Laird Collier (who preached for a year in New Brunswick, New Jersey) has joined the Unitarians. It is announced that the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, now at the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, will take charge of Dr. Ganse's former congregation, and that the Rev. Emory J. Haynes, of the Seventh Avenue Methodist Church, Brooklyn, will accept a call to the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, in that city. These changes, connected as they happen to be with the discussion of the growth of Methodism in large cities, have excited much remark.

Law courts do not recognize either the sentiment or the devotion supposed to be expressed by the "church-going bell." The Common Pleas Court of Philadelphia has decided that the chimes of St. Mark's Episcopal Church must not be rung at unreasonable hours. One hour specially determined to be unreasonable was five o'clock in the morning. Neighbors who found their sleep disturbed complained of the bells as a nuisance, and their complaint has been pronounced reasonable by this high authority in the State.

The *Evangelist* announces that the arrangements for the assembling of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which meets in Edinburgh July 3, "are quietly but rapidly maturing." This is the first assembly of the kind in the Presbyterian world, and is an illustration of the extent to which the facilities of intercourse which we now possess can be utilized by the Churches. Delegates will be present from the United States, Europe, the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and Syria. Drs. M'Cosh, Schaff, Prime, Crosby, Hoge, Stuart Robinson, and others well known will represent the Presbyterian ministers of our country, and Messrs. W. E. Dodge, Stanley Mathews, and Olds the laity. Foreign missions will be represented by the veteran Dr. William M. Thomson, author of *The Land and the Book*. It is anticipated that hereafter the Council will meet triennially.

Mr. Moody prospers in Boston. The crowds are not, perhaps, as great as they were in Chicago. The noon meetings are full; the Sunday services are attended by immense numbers. Mr. Moody adheres very closely to the order of topics and measures which he has followed in other cities. His addresses do not, however, pass without criticism from ministers in Boston of the liberal school. Several sermons in reply to him have been preached.

The bill presented in the Pennsylvania Senate to exempt "those persons who observe the seventh day of the week as a Sabbath" from the penalties of the State Sunday laws has been indefinitely postponed, by a vote of 18 to 8. The Senate held an afternoon session in order to give this bill full consideration. The debate upon it attracted much attention, the Senate-chamber being crowded with listeners.

Nothing is so remarkable for our times as the assembling of great crowds on a secular day to hear discourses on the highest themes of theology and metaphysics, yet this is done every week in the Tremont Temple, Boston. We have before spoken of Mr. Cook's Monday lectures in this Intelligence, but the growth of the interest in them is something exceptional. The Temple has seats and standing room for 3000 persons. The lecture hour is noon on Monday. "As early as eleven those who are bent on securing good seats are on hand, and when the hour of twelve is struck, not a foot-hold from doorways to the very edges of the lecturer's chair upon the platform remains unoccupied." Mr. Cook is a graduate of Harvard, and also of Andover Seminary. He has spent several years in the German universities, and has made himself familiar with the phases of modern unbelief. It is his habit to deliver a short conversational address of fifteen minutes' duration before entering upon his lecture. His speaking is wholly extemporaneous, his manner impassioned, and his power to hold his audience somewhat like Mr. Moody's.

How far the effort to make France devout by means of the "devotion of the Sacred Heart" has succeeded there are only imperfect means of ascertaining. Some conclusions may perhaps be drawn from the report of the pilgrimages during 1876 to the votive church at Montmartre, Paris. In ten months this shrine was visited by 140,000 persons; there were 27,950 communicants at the provisionary chapel; the brotherhood of "National Vow" numbers 18,000 members. The sum netted for the construction of the church was, on the 20th of January, $660,000. In view of these facts, it can hardly be said that the Catholic revival in France has exhausted itself.

A curious suit has been brought in France against Father Hyacinthe by the family of Montalembert, the famous champion of Liberal Catholicism. Father Hyacinthe has recently published an essay of Montalembert on Spain, in which its decadence is traced to the repressive policy of the Church. The duty of publication was laid upon Hyacinthe by his dying friend, and has now been discharged. The family of Montalembert regard it as a libel upon his memory, and assert that before his death he was reconciled to the Church, and accepted the decrees of the Vatican Council. Father Hyacinthe has engaged one of the most famous lawyers of Paris to defend him.

At an adjourned meeting, recently held, of the British Wesleyan Committee on Lay Representation, the plan to be reported was still farther matured. The question of lay eligibility was settled in the following form: "No layman shall be eligible as a representative unless he shall have been a member of a society for five years' continuous standing, and shall at the time of his nomination be a member within the district [within which he is nominated], and shall be a holder of office, either as a trustee of connectional property, member of a quarterly meeting, or of the district committee." The number of members of the Representative Conference was fixed at 480 ministers and 480 laymen. It was determined, also, that the delegates should be elected by the district meetings, and not by the circuits.

The temperance revival still spreads through the West. About 50,000 pledge signers have joined Murphy's army in Pittsburg and Alleghany. The influence of the reformation has reached Ohio and West Virginia. Many of the reformed men have joined the churches. Dr. Reynolds's "red-ribbon" clubs increase in Michigan. About 3000 men, women, and boys have signed the pledge in Bay City. In Detroit clubs have been organized, and are increasing.

The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States has projected a scheme of Catholic colonization in North Carolina, California, and Minnesota. Large tracts of land have been purchased in these States by Church officials; in Southern California the archbishop of the State is an extensive land-owner. Local boards are forming to co-operate with the Union in furthering this enterprise.

One of the most gratifying testimonies with which President Grant retires from office is that presented to him by the secretaries of the missionary societies and boards of the Protestant Churches in the United States. They were assembled in convention at Washington early in February, and adopted a minute in which is the following: "The convention expresses its high appreciation of the firmness of the President in adhering to his line of benevolent action in the face of misunderstanding and opposition. The convention would therefore respectfully tender to him its grateful acknowledgment of his admirable course of procedure toward the long-oppressed Indian tribes. While aware that great difficulties in the way of Indian improvement are still to be overcome, the convention, nevertheless, expresses the hope that the work now in progress may go forward until the Indians all become a civilized and Christian people." Among the signers of this address is Bishop Whipple, whose devotion to the welfare of the Indians is well known to the country.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some very interesting experiments with the telephone have been recently tried in Boston and neighboring cities, under the supervision of Professor A. Graham Bell, the inventor of the instrument. Without giving any scientific description, we would simply say that the telephone is an instrument for conveying sound by electricity. A powerful compound permanent magnet, to the poles of which are attached coils of insulated wire, a diaphragm of iron in front of the poles, and a mouth-piece to converge the sound upon this diaphragm, are the substantial features of the arrangement. Not long ago Professor Bell lectured in Salem, and performed various experiments on the telephone, with the assistance of his associate, Mr. Watson, who was in Boston. A telephone organ was put into operation in Boston, and "Yankee Doodle" and "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" were readily heard through the hall in Salem. "Auld Lang Syne," sung by Mr. Watson, was distinctly heard. Professor Bell then asked his associate to make a speech to the audience. It was brief, as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to be able to address you this evening, although I am in Boston and you in Salem," but it brought down the house with applause. When the orator was asked if he heard the applause, he replied, "I was not listening. Try again." At which the applause was vigorously repeated, and its receipt at once acknowledged in Boston. Similar experiments, on another occasion, were performed between Boston and Malden. The voices of different persons speaking in Malden were identified by the operator in Boston; and a young lady in Malden, singing "The Last Rose of Summer," made the words distinctly and pleasantly heard by the audience in Boston.

It will be remembered that the Bell system of physiological symbols has been so successful in this country as to greatly modify the old methods of instructing the deaf and dumb. The system has been introduced into most institutions for the deaf and dumb in the United States; and four special schools have been recently opened in New York, Maine, Michigan, and Illinois. Professor Bell is by birth a Scotchman, and accepted the professorship of vocal physiology in the Boston University in 1873.

During the recent strike on the Boston and Maine Railroad the engines were abandoned at a fixed hour wherever they happened to be. Such an act—causing great inconvenience and suffering to passengers, and risking life and property—is a crime under the English law, and should be a crime under any system of government. Nobody should be permitted to obstruct public business and endanger life and property in the endeavor to right private grievances, real or imaginary.

A friend at our elbow suggests that some enterprising individual might make his fortune, and possibly confer lasting benefits on his fellows, by opening a Rainbow Sanitarium. The name is charmingly suggestive of something delightful. And if there is unknown or latent virtue in the blue rays, why not in yellow or red? So argues our friend; and proposes a series of experiments: that a certain class of patients—say, the neuralgic and rheumatic—be immersed in blue light, in blue-tinted rooms, furnished in blue, and have their meals served on blue china; while another class—for example, the bilious—be under the influence of yellow light, in yellow-tinted rooms, with yellow furniture and china; and so on with all the primary colors and their combinations. Decidedly, a Rainbow Sanitarium is worth considering. The thing is not yet patented, and we give the idea to the public gratis.

So many applications have been made recently for a pass to cross the East River foot-bridge, that Mr. Farrington, master mechanic of the bridge, has been compelled to issue a card for the information of the public. He says that the foot-bridge, which was erected exclusively for the use of the workmen, is safe only for a limited number of persons at one time, and wholly unsafe for inexperienced persons to cross at any time. It is also of the utmost importance that its equilibrium should not be disturbed, and that the deflection of the supporting ropes should not be increased while the wires of the main cables are being regulated—results which would inevitably follow the admission of any large number of persons upon it. Mr. Farrington hopes this information will prevent the unpleasant necessity of so often refusing to give a pass across the bridge.

Not long ago something like 300 persons were murdered in cold blood at Cali, in Colombia, after the capture of that city by the conservatives. More recently reports come of a bloody guerrilla war, in which 700 men were killed and wounded. And as yet the troubles seem no nearer being quelled.

The Baldwin Pavilion, erected in connection with the Women's Hospital, is now finished, and will be opened next summer. The hospital is well patronized. The prices for occupants are as follows: first floor, $15 per week; second floor, $8; third floor, $6; fourth floor, free for patients without means.

Nowadays, when a person says he has "the blues," he simply means that he has made the most complete arrangements possible for securing good spirits and perfect health. That's all! The old-time meaning of "blues" has passed away.

A plan is proposed for an aquatic summer school of natural history, to be organized by Professor Comstock, of Cornell University. A steamer will be chartered for a trip of four or six weeks along the shores of lakes Erie, Huron, and Superior, the students making frequent inland excursions to points of scientific interest. Competent instructors will be engaged to superintend the zoological and botanical work, lectures will be given, dredgings will be made, and illustrative collections obtained of the zoology, geology, and botany of the region traversed. The fee, including berth, board, instruction, and all travelling expenses connected with the steamer, will not exceed $125 for thirty days, and $3 50 for each additional day. It is understood that the trip shall not exceed thirty days unless so decided by a majority vote of the pupils. The time proposed for the steamer to start is July 5, probably from Cleveland or Buffalo.

The expenses attending the removal to England of the obelisk known as "Cleopatra's Needle" will be paid, it is said, by Mr. Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

Turner's famous "Slave-Ship," which was sold for ten thousand dollars, is now in the Boston Art Museum. But it is said the Bostonians do not know what to make of it any better than did New Yorkers.

The expense of placing "Liberty's tremendous arm" in Madison Park is paid by the Department of Parks, a special appropriation having been made. It is expected that the arm will remain in Madison Square until 1880, by which time, it is hoped, a sufficient sum will be obtained to warrant the commencement of work toward the erection of the complete statue.

Next August the 300th birthday of Rubens will be celebrated at Antwerp. It is said that £12,000 have been appropriated to the purpose.

It has been proposed to make the channel of Little Hell Gate a dumping ground for the street refuse of the city, and thus gradually connect Ward's and Randall's islands. The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, however, has presented a remonstrance to this plan. The House of Refuge is located on the southwestern corner of Randall's Island, and at the commencement of this year there were nearly one thousand inmates. It is believed by many that the filling up of Little Hell Gate in the manner proposed would bring disease and death to the inmates of the House of Refuge, which is in close proximity to it. It is also suggested that the destruction of Little Hell Gate channel will have a tendency to make Harlem River sluggish, and to increase the fierce currents of Hell Gate proper.

Considerable excitement was created in London a short time ago by a report that the Old Bailey was on fire. Some damage was done to the roof, but the fire was soon extinguished. The Old Bailey is intimately connected with the history of England. Criminals of all kinds were tried at its famous bar in old times, and passed to Newgate Prison, which stands close beside it. The Old Bailey is not now such a terror in England as formerly, but it still remains the great criminal court of London.

A disastrous fire recently occurred on the eastern end of the great bridge that spans the Mississippi at St. Louis. It originated in a frame house near the bridge, at midnight, and the high wind prevailing caused it to spread to the trestle-work, doing much damage before it was extinguished.

Some rare miniatures and autographs were sold in Paris a short time ago. Among them were portraits of Marie Antoinette, and of Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. An autograph letter of Marie Antoinette brought 640 francs, and a few lines written by Madame Elizabeth on the day after the capture of the Bastile, 420 francs.

Great distress is reported as existing among the silk-workers of Lyons, France. The municipal authorities have not only appropriated $40,000 for their aid, but have organized a series of festivals in their behalf.

A Massachusetts cow is said to have contracted the habit of eating tobacco. The animal will leave hay at any time in order to eat the stems and refuse leaves of a cigar factory near by.

A singular adventure recently occurred on the railway between Paris and Lyons. There was a great conflagration in the Faubourg Chaneau, near the track. The train could neither stop nor back without coming in collision with the express train that was following it. It must go on. The guard ordered all the windows of the compartments to be closed, covered up the luggage wagons, and then the train dashed through the fire. No damage was done.

For many years a genial old Frenchman was well known in the London Zoological Gardens as "Keeper of the Seals." Every body who frequented the gardens was familiar with him and the objects of his care that occupied the pond in Regent's Park. He understood the nature of seals, he liked them, and they responded to the feeling. They recognized his voice or his whistle, and he taught them many odd tricks. Struck down with a painful illness, the old man keenly felt the loss of his companions. He used to exclaim, "I know I should be better if I could but see my children; I know they will die if I can not see them." Tender hands nursed him, and he was dressed and put into a chair in order to be wheeled to the gardens and look for the last time upon his "children;" but the exertion was too much for his strength, and the attempt had to be abandoned. The old man was a great favorite of the Prince of Wales, who always made it a point to have a chat with him on Sundays. But the Prince carried his consideration further, for among those who visited the "Keeper of the Seals" at the last was the heir to the British throne.

Here is a good spelling lesson for young and old:

"The most skillful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein stalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony, shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of 'Gypsy,' went into ectasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of pease, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitible queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram vial of ipecacuanha, a tea-spoonful of naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a wooden surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally occurring idiosyncrasy), wofully uttered this apothegm, 'Life is checkered, but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished.' The sibyl apologizingly answered, 'There is notably an allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic diæresis.' We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion."

We suggest to our readers that some member of the "family circle," when conversation lags during the evening, should "give out" the above words. The one who is successful in spelling all of them correctly may be congratulated, and should go to the head of the class.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A poor tailor, dunning for an old debt, the other day, wrote as follows: "Dear Jim, this little account has been standing seven years, and I think it is high time it was paid." To which Jim replied, on the same sheet of paper, while Snip's boy was waiting: "Dear Sam, I don't; and may a difference of opinion never alter friendship!" What a splendid diplomatist Jim would have made!

Served him right.—A young lady who was inattentive at whist has broken off her engagement with her lover because he recommended her to "scoop her mind up in a nutshell, and fix it on the game."

Ejaculation overheard in a railroad car in answer to the greeting of "Happy New-Year:" "Noo-year, yah! Wish I'd died last year; I'd 'a been a much richer man."

Spanish Proverb.—"When mothers-in-law fall out, then we get at the family facts."

A long Flourish.—An effusive Quebec grocer advertises "the peculiar delicacies of the far-off Ind, and the finely flavored and humanizing leaf of the still further Cathay; the more exciting though not less delicious berry of Brazil, and the spices, sugars, and luscious fruits of the Antilles; the sugared condiments and the blood-enriching wines of the Mediterranean, and the salt-cured and brain-renewing fish of our own stormy Gulf." What he means to say is that he sells tea, coffee, and cod-fish cheap for cash.

Another nice Thing.—A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.

Take a Hint.—The Boston girl is clever. She brings her suit for breach of promise, and then has the trial postponed until she can reduce her weight sufficiently to go before the jury as a fearful example of the ravages of blighted affection.

Practical.—They said to the father of one of the prize winners at college, "So your son has earned his spurs?" "Yes," replied the practical old man, "and now he's got to earn his boots."

A modest Man.—"Thackeray tells us," says a country editor, "to take a small bit of paper and make a list of real gentlemen whom we know. We don't know of but one, and as we have plenty of visiting-cards, there is no need of writing the name."

Polished.—"He's grown to be a polished gentleman, anyway," said an old lady, gazing fondly, as she spoke, at the shining bald head of her son, just returned after a long absence.

Timber.—A man is trying to sell a horse. The would-be purchaser, inquiring as to his leaping powers, asks, "Would he take timber?" "He'd jump over your head," answers the other: "I don't know what you call that."

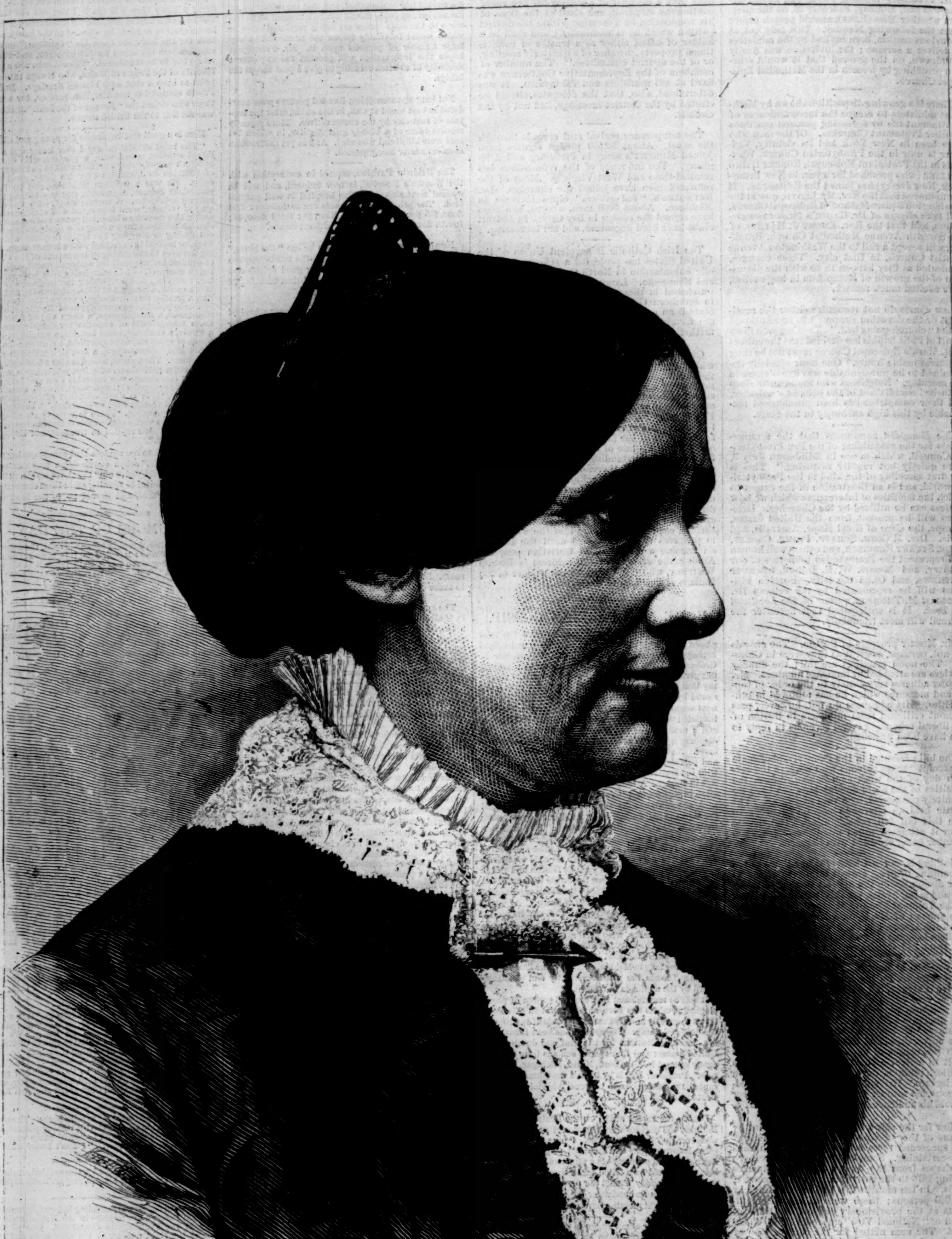
Awkward Ornaments.—A well-moulded arm is prettier without bracelets; besides, they are liable to scratch a fellow's ear.

Two rural dames were standing before Altman's copy of Paul Potter's masterpiece in the Netherlands Gallery at the Philadelphia Centennial. One of them found the right number in the catalogue, and read, "'The Young Bull, after Potter.'" "There's the bull," said the other; "but where's Potter?" "Oh, that must be him behind the tree!" replied the first, pointing to the figure of the herdsman.

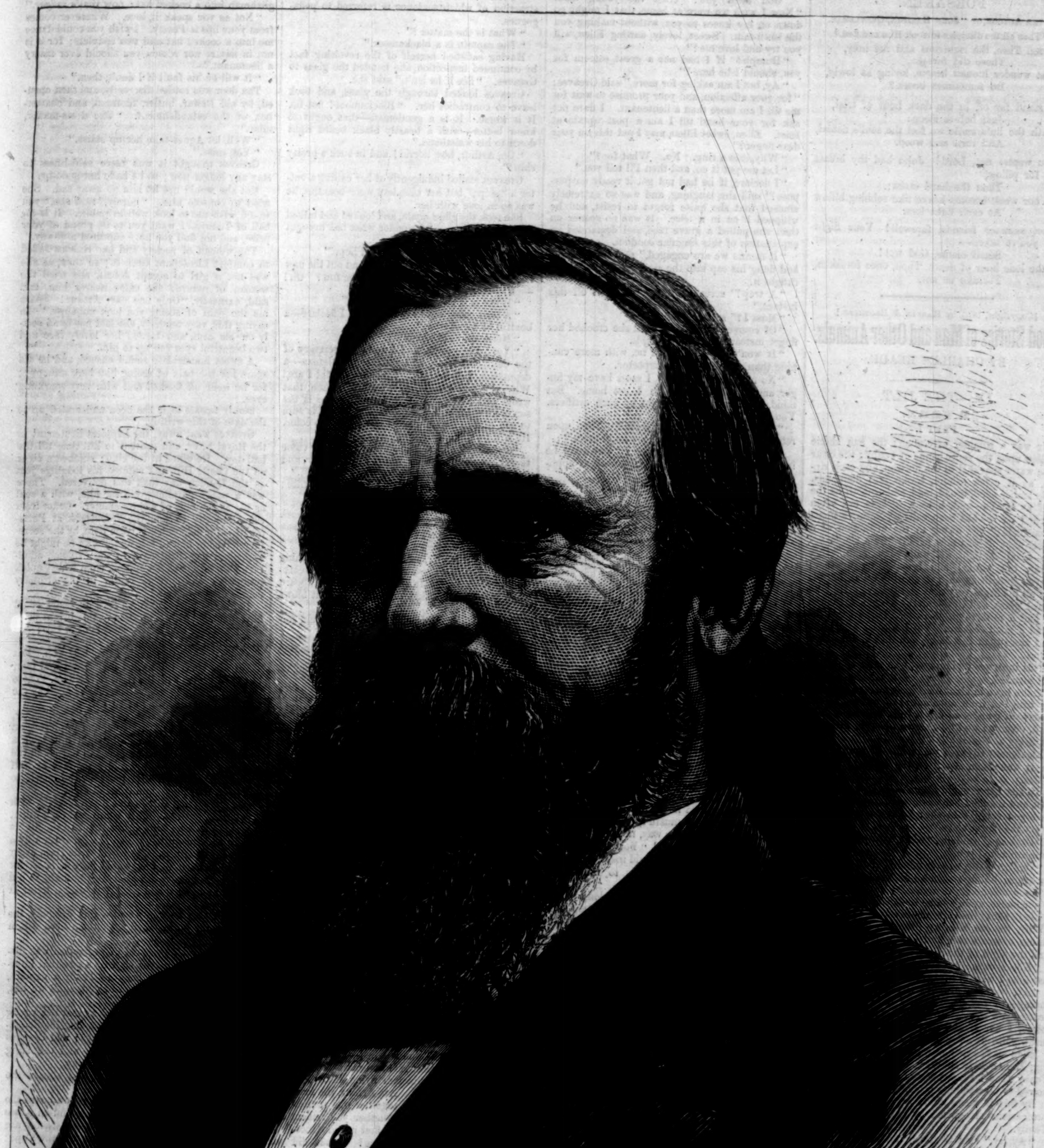
Too cruel.—Car stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end. "Oh, don't rise!" says the lovely girl; "I can just as well stand." "You can do just as you please about that, miss," says the old man, "but I'm going to get out."

An exchange remarks that the matrimonial fever has broken out again. Oh yes, the tic-fuss.

Here is an incident of recent occurrence at a restaurant: A gentleman summons the waiter, and points to a hair which had introduced its sinuous folds into a dish of macaroni on which he was engaged. "Ah!" says the waiter, cheerily, "I can tell you where that comes from. Our *chef* is in love, and is constantly opening a medallion containing a lock of his sweetheart's hair. Of course some of it occasionally falls into the dishes." The gentleman mutters something about "disgusting" and "beastly." The waiter continues: "Beg pardon, Sir, but would you mind giving me the hair? You see, he is so fond of her that it quite pleases him when I bring back a stray hair or two."



MRS. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES LANDY.—[SEE PAGE 206.]



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES—PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—Photographed by James Landy.—[See Page 206.]

FORSAKEN.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled."

If even Thee, the righteous and the holy,
These did forsake,
What wonder human hearts, loving as lowly,
Do sometimes break?

All stand far off in the dark hour of trial,
Just before sleep:
'Neath the lip's smile we feel the soul's denial,
And turn and weep.

Thou weptst not, Lord! John had thy breast for pillow,
Thou the hard cross;
Yet our weak bosoms heave like sobbing billow
At each light loss.

Sweet summer friends, farewell! Your flight you've taken—
Small blame, God wot!
In the lone hour of death, Thou, once forsaken,
Forsake us not.

[Copyright, 1876, by Harper & Brothers.]

Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

IX.—THE JILT.

A YARN.

PART I.

It was a summer afternoon; the sun shone mellow upon the south sands of Tenby; the clear blue water sparkled to the horizon, and each ripple, as it came ashore, broke into diamonds. This amber sand, broad, bold, and smooth as the turf at Lord's—and, indeed, wickets are often pitched on it—has been called "Nature's finest promenade;" yet, owing to the attraction of a flower show, it was now paraded by a single figure—a tall, straight, well-built young man, rather ruddy, but tanned and bronzed by weather; shaved smooth as an egg, and his collar, his tie, and all his dress very neat and precise. He held a deck glass, and turned every ten yards, though he had a mile to promenade. These signs denoted a good seaman. Yet his glass swept the land more than the water, and that is not like a sailor.

This incongruity, however, was soon explained and justified.

There hove in sight a craft as attractive to every true tar, from an admiral of the red to the boatswain's mate, as any cutter, schooner, brig, bark, or ship; and bore down on him, with colors flying alow and aloft.

Lieutenant Greaves made all sail toward her, for it was Ellen Ap Rice, the loveliest girl in Wales.

He met her with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and thanked her warmly for coming. "Indeed you may," said she: "when I promised, I forgot the flower show."

"Dear me," said he, "what a pity! I would not have asked you."

"Oh," said she, "never mind; I shall not break my heart; but it seems so odd you wanting me to come out here, when you are always welcome at our house, and papa so fond of you."

Lieutenant Greaves endeavored to explain. "Why, you see, Miss Ap Rice, I'm expecting my sailing orders down, and before I go, I want—And the sight of the sea gives one courage."

"Not always; it gave me a fit of terror the last time I was on it."

"Ay, but you are not a sailor; it gives *me* courage to say more than I dare in your own house; you so beautiful, so accomplished, so admired, I am afraid you will never consent to throw yourself away upon a seaman."

Ellen arched her brows. "What *are* you saying, Mr. Greaves? Why, it is known all over Tenby that I renounce the military, and have vowed to be a sailor's bride."

By this it seems there were only two learned professions recognized by the young ladies—at Tenby.

"Ay, ay," said Greaves, "an admiral, or that sort of thing."

"Well," said the young lady, "*of course* he would *have* to be an admiral—*eventually*. But they can not be born admirals." At this stage of the conversation she preferred not to look Lieutenant Greaves, R.N., in the face; so she wrote pot-hooks and hangers on the sand, with her parasol, so carefully that you would have sworn they must be words of deepest import.

"From a lieutenant to an admiral is a long way," said Greaves, sadly.

"Yes," said she, archly, "it is as far as from Tenby to Valparaiso, where my cousin Dick sailed to last year—such a handsome fellow!—and there's Cape Horn to weather. But a good deal depends on courage, and perseverance." In uttering this last remark she turned her eye askant a moment, and a flash shot out of it that lighted the sailor's bonfire in a moment. "Oh, Miss Ap Rice, do I understand you? Can I be so fortunate? If courage, perseverance, and devotion can win you, no other man shall ever—You must have seen I love you."

"It would be odd if I had not," said Ellen, blushing a little, and smiling slyly. "Why, all Tenby has seen it. You don't hide it under a bushel."

The young man turned red. "Then I deserve a round dozen at the gangway, for being so indelicate."

"No, no," said the young Welshwoman, generously. "Why do I prefer sailors? Because they are so frank and open and artless and brave. Why, Mr. Greaves, don't you be stupid; your open admiration is a compliment to any girl; and I am proud of it, of course," said she, gently.

"God bless you!" cried the young man. "Now I wish we were at home, that I might go down on my knees to you, without making you the town-talk. Sweet, lovely, darling Ellen, will you try and love me?"

"Humph! If I had not a great esteem for you, should I be here?"

"Ay, but I am asking for more," said Greaves: "for your affection, and your promise to wait for me till I am more than a lieutenant. I dare not ask for your hand till I am a post-captain at least. Ellen, sweet Ellen, may I put this on your dear finger?"

"Why, it is a ring. No. What for?"

"Let me put it on, and then I'll tell you."

"I declare, if he had not got it ready on purpose!" said she, laughing, and was so extremely amused that she quite forgot to resist, and he whipped it on in a trice. It was no sooner on than she pulled a grave face, and demanded an explanation of this singular conduct.

"It means we are engaged," said he, joyfully, and flung his cap into the air a great height, and caught it.

"A trap!" screamed she. "Take it off this instant."

"Must I?" said he, sadly.

"Of course you must." And she crooked her finger instead of straightening it.

"It won't come off," said he, with more cunning than one would have expected.

"No more it will. Well, I must have my finger amputated the moment I get home. But mind, I am not to be caught by such artifices. You must ask papa."

"So I will," cried Greaves, joyfully. Then, upon reflection: "He'll wonder at my impudence."

"Oh no," said Ellen, demurely; "you know he is mayor of the town, and has the drollest applications made to him at times. Ha! ha!"

"How shall I ever break it to him?" said Greaves. "A lieutenant!"

"Why, a lieutenant is a gentleman; and are you not related to one of the First Lords of the Admiralty?"

"Yes. But he won't put me over the heads of my betters. All that sort of thing is gone by."

"You need not say that. Say you are cousin to the First Lord, and then stop. That is the way to talk to a mayor. La, look at me, telling him what to say—as if I cared. There, now—here comes that tittling-tattling Mrs. Dodsley, and her whole brood of children and nurses. She sha'n't see what I am doing;" and Miss Ap Rice marched swiftly into Merlin's Cave, settled her skirts, and sat down on a stone. "Oh!" said she, with no great appearance of agitation, "what a goose I must be! This is the last place I ought to have come to; this is where the lovers interchange their vows—the silly things."

This artless speech—if artless it was—brought the man on his knees to her with such an outburst of honest passion and eloquent love that her cooler nature was moved as it had never been before. She was half frightened, but flattered and touched: she shed a tear or two, and, though she drew away the hand he was mumbling, and said he oughtn't, and he mustn't, there was nothing very discouraging in her way, not even when she stopped her ears and said, "You should say all this to papa." As if one could make as hot love to the mayor in his study as to the mayor's daughter in Merlin's Cave.

She was coy, and would not stay long in Merlin's Cave after this, but said nothing about going home; so they emerged from the cave, and strolled toward Giltar Point.

Suddenly there issued from the Sound, and burst upon their sight, a beautiful yacht, 150 tons or so, cutter-rigged, bowling along before the wind thirteen knots an hour, sails white as snow and well set, hull low and shapely, wire rigging so slim it seemed of whip-cord or mermaids' hair.

"Oh, Arthur!" cried Ellen. "What a beauty!"

"And so she is," said he, heartily. "Bless you for calling me 'Arthur.'"

"It slipped out—by mistake. Come to the Castle Hill. I must see her come right in—Arthur."

Arthur took Ellen's hand, and they hurried to the Castle Hill; and, as they went, kept turning their heads to watch the yacht's manœuvres; for a sailor never tires of observing how this or that craft is handled; and the arrival of a first-class yacht in those fair but uneventful waters was very exciting to Ellen Ap Rice.

The cutter gave St. Catherine's Rock a wide berth, and ran out well to the Woolhouse Reef; then hauled up and stood on the port tack, heading for her anchorage; but an eddy wind from the North Cliffs caught her, and she broke off; so she stood on toward Monkstone Point; then came about with her berth well under her lee, mistress of the situation, as landsmen say.

Arthur kept explaining her manœuvres and the necessity for them, and, when she came about, said she was well-behaved—had forereached five times her length—and was smartly handled too.

"Oh yes," said Ellen; "a most skillful captain, evidently."

This was too hasty a conclusion for the sober Greaves. "Wait till we see him in a cyclone, with all his canvas on that one stick, or working off a lee shore in a nor'wester. But he can handle a cutter in fair weather and fresh-water, that is certain."

"Fresh-water!" said Ellen. "How dare you? And don't mock people. I can't get enough fresh-water in Tenby to wash my hands."

"What, do you want them *whiter* than snow?" said Greaves, gloating on them undisguised.

"Arthur, behave, and lend me the glass."

"There, dearest."

So then she inspected the vessel, and he inspected the white hand that held the glass. It was a binocular; for even seamen nowadays seldom use the short telescope of other days; what might be called a very powerful opera-glass has taken its place.

"Goodness me!" screamed Ellen. The construction of which sentence is referred to pedagogues.

"What is the matter?"

"The captain is a blackamoor."

Having satisfied herself of the revolting fact by continued inspection, she handed the glass to Greaves. "See if he isn't," said she.

Greaves looked through the glass, and took leave to contradict her. "Blackamoor! not he. It is worse. It is a gentleman—that ought to know better—with a beastly black beard right down to his waistband."

"Oh, Arthur, how horrid! and in such a pretty ship!"

Greaves smiled indulgently at her calling a cutter a "ship;" but her blunders were beauties, he was so in love with her.

She took the glass again, and looked and talked at the same time. "I wonder what has brought him in here?"

"To look for a barber, I should hope."

"Arthur—suppose we were to send out the new hair-dresser to him? Would it not be fun? Oh!—oh!—oh!"

"What is it now?"

"A boat going out to him. Well, I declare—a boatful of dignitaries."

"Mercy on us!"

"Yes; I see papa, and I see the secretary of the Cambrian Club, and another gentleman—a deputation, I do believe. No—how stupid I am! Why, the new arrival must be Mr. Laxton, that wrote and told papa he was coming; he is the son of an old friend, a ship-builder. Papa is sure to ask him to dinner; and I ask *you*. Do come. He will be quite a lion."

"I am very unfortunate. Can't possibly come to-day. Got to dine on board the *Warrior*, and meet the Prince; name down; no getting off."

"Oh, what a pity! It would have been so nice; you and Captain Laxton together."

"Captain Laxton? Who is he?"

"Why, the gentleman with the beard."

"Hang it all, don't call him a captain."

"Not when he has a ship of his own?"

"So has a collier, and the master of a fishing lugger. Besides, these swells are only fair-weather skippers; there's always a sailing-master aboard their vessels that takes the command if it blows a capful of wind."

"Indeed! then I despise them. But I am sorry *you* can't come, Arthur."

"Are you really, love?"

"You know I am."

"Then that is all I care for. A dandy yachtsman is no lion to me."

"We ought to go home now," said Ellen, "or we shall not have time to dress."

He had not only to dress, but to drive ten miles; yet he went with her to her very door. He put the time to profit; he got her to promise every thing short of marrying him without papa's consent, and, as she was her father's darling, and in reality ruled him, not he her, that obstacle did not seem insurmountable.

That evening the master of the yacht dined at the mayor's, and was the lion of the evening. His face was rather handsome, what one could see of it, and his beard manly. He had travelled and cruised for years, and kept his eyes and ears open; had a great flow of words, quite a turn for narrative, a ready wit, a seductive voice, and an infectious laugh. His only drawback was a restless eye. Even that he put to a good use by being attentive to every body in turn. He was evidently charmed with Ellen Ap Rice, but showed it in a well-bred way, and did not alarm her. She was a lovely girl, and accustomed to be openly admired.

Next day Arthur called on her, and she told him every thing, and seemed sorry to have had any pleasure he had not a share in. "He made himself wonderfully agreeable," said she, "especially to papa; and, oh! if you had seen how his beard wagged when he laughed—ha! ha! And, what do you think, the 'Cambrians' have lost no time; they have shot him flying, invited him to their Bachelors' Ball. Ah, Arthur, the first time you and I ever danced together was at that ball, a year ago. I wonder whether you remember? Well, he asked me for the first round dance."

"Confound his impudence! What did you say?"

"I said 'No;' I was engaged to the Royal Navy."

"Dear girl. And that shut him up, I hope."

"Dear me, no. He is too good-humored to be cross because a strange girl was bespoke before he came; he just laughed, and asked might he follow in its wake."

"And you said 'Yes.'"

"No, I did not, now. And you need not look so cross, for there would have been no harm if I had; but what I did say was not 'yes,' but 'hum,' and I would consult my memoranda. Never you mind who I dance with, Mr. Arthur; their name is legion. Wait till you catch me parading the sands with the creatures, and catching cold with them in Merlin's Cave."

"My own love. Come on the sands now; it is low water, and a glorious day."

"You dear goose!" said Ellen. "What, ask a lady out when it is only one clear day before a ball? Why, I am invisible to every creature but you at this moment, and even you can only stay till she comes."

"She? Who?"

"Why the dress-maker, to be sure. Talk of the—dress-maker, and there's her knock."

"Must I go this moment?"

"Oh no. *Let them open the door to her first.* But of course it is no use your staying while she is here. We shall be hours and hours making up our minds. Besides, we shall be up stairs, trying on things. Arthur, don't look *so*. Why, the ball will be here with awful rapidity; and I'll dance with you three times out of four; I'll dance you down on the floor, my sailor bold. I never knew a Welsh girl yet couldn't dance an Englishman into a cocked hat: now that's *vulgar*."

"Not as you speak it, love. Whatever comes from your lips is Poetry. I wish you could dance me into a cocked hat and two epaulets; for it is not in nature nor reason you should ever marry a lieutenant."

"It will be his fault if I don't, then."

The door was rattled discreetly, and then opened, by old Dewar, butler, footman, and chatter-box of the establishment. "The dress-maker, miss."

"Well, let Agnes take her up stairs."

"Yes, miss."

Greaves thought it was mere selfishness to stay any longer now; so he bade her good-by.

But she would not let him go away sad. She tried to console him. "Surely," said she, "you would wish me to look well in public. It is *the* ball of Tenby. I want you to be proud of your prize, and not find you have captured a dowdy."

The woman of society and her reasons failed to comfort Lieutenant Greaves; so then, as she was not a girl to accept defeat, she tried the woman of nature: she came nearer him, and said, earnestly, "Only one day, Arthur! Spare me the pain of seeing you look unhappy." In saying this, very tenderly, she laid her hand softly on his arm, and turned her lovely face and two beautiful eyes full up to him.

A sweet inarticulate sound ensued, and he *did* spare her the pain of seeing him look unhappy; for he went off flushed and with very sparkling eyes.

Surely female logic has been underrated up to the date of this writing.

Greaves went away, the happiest lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and content to kill time till the ball day. He dined at the club; smoked a cigar on the Castle Hill, and entered his lodgings just as the London day mail was delivered. There was a paper parallelogram for him, with a seal as big as the face of a chronometer. Order from the Admiralty to join the *Redoubtable* at Portsmouth—for disposal. Private note, by the secretary, advising him to lose no time, as he might be appointed flag-lieutenant to the *Centaur*, admiral's ship on the China station, from which quick promotion was sure to follow in the ordinary course of the service.

Before he knew Ellen Ap Rice his heart would have bounded with exultation at this bright prospect; but now that heart seemed cut in two; one half glowed with ambition, the other sickened at the very thought of leaving Ellen, half won. But those who serve the nation may doubt and fear, but have parted with the right to vacillate. There was but one thing to do—start for London by the fast train next morning at 10 A.M.

He sent a hurried note to Ellen, by messenger, telling her what had occurred, and imploring an interview. His messenger brought him back a prompt reply. Papa was going to Cardiff in the morning on business; would breakfast at half past eight precisely. He must invite himself to breakast that night, and come at eight.

He did so, and Ellen came down directly, with the tear in her eye. They comforted each other, agreed to look on it as a sure step to a creditable union, and, meantime, lessen the separation by a quick fire of letters. He would write from every port he landed in, and would have a letter for every homeward-bound ship they brought to out at sea, and she would greet him with a letter at every port.

When they had duly sealed this compact, the mayor came in, and that kept them both within bounds.

But Greaves's prospect of promotion was discussed, and the mayor showed a paternal interest, and said, "Come back to Tenby a captain, and we shall all be proud of you, shall we not, Nelly?"

When a father says so much as that to a young fellow who has been openly courting his daughter, it hardly bears two meanings; and Greaves went away, brave and buoyant, and the sting taken out of the inopportune parting.

He was soon at Portsmouth, and aboard the *Redoubtable*.

He was appointed flag-lieutenant on board the *Centaur*, then lying at Spithead, bound on a two years' voyage. Under peculiar circumstances she was to touch at Lisbon, Madeira, and the Cape; but her destination was Hong-Kong, where she was to lie for some time in command of the station.

Next morning a letter from Ellen; he kissed it devotedly before he opened it. After some kind things, that were balm to him, she seemed to gravitate toward that great event in a girl's life, the ball: "I did so miss you, dear; and that impudent Mr. Laxton had the first dance—for of course I never thought of putting any body in your place—but he would not give up the second any more for that. He said I had promised. Oh, and he asked me if I would honor his yacht with my presence, and he would take me a cruise round Sunday Island. I said, 'No; I was a bad sailor.' 'Oh,' said he, 'we will wait for a soldier's wind.' What is a 'soldier's wind?' When I would not consent, he got papa by himself, and papa consented directly for both of us. I can not bear such impudent men that will not take a 'no.'"

Arthur wrote back very affectionately, but made a point of her not sailing in Laxton's yacht. It was not proper; nor prudent. The wind might fall; the yacht be out all night; and, in any case, the man was a stranger, of whom they knew nothing, but that his appearance was wild and disreputable, and that he was a mere cruiser and a man of pleasure. He hoped his Ellen would make this little sacrifice to his feelings. This was his one remonstrance.

Ellen replied to it: "You dear, jealous goose, did you think I would go on board his yacht the only lady? Of course there was a large party; and you should have seen the Miss Frumps, and that Agnes Barker, how they flung themselves at his head; it was disgusting. But don't you worry about the man, dear. I am sorry I told you. We were back to dinner."

Then the fair writer went off to other things; but there was a postscript:

"Captain Laxton has called to bid good-by, and his beautiful yacht is just sailing out of the roads."

As what little interest there is in this part of the story centres in Miss Ap Rice's letters, I will just say that Greaves had one from her at Lisbon which gave him unmixed pleasure. It was long and kind, though not so gay as usual. As for this Laxton, he appeared to have faded out entirely, for she never mentioned his name.

At Madeira Greaves received a letter shorter and more sprightly. In a postscript she said: "Who do you think has fallen down from the clouds? That Mr. Laxton, without his yacht. We asked him what had become of her. 'Condemned,' said he, solemnly. 'In the Levant, a Greek brig outsailed her; in the Channel here, a French lugger lay nearer the wind. After that, no more cutters for me.' We think he is a little cracked. That odious Agnes Barker will not let him alone. I never saw such a shameless flirt."

The ship lay eight days at Madeira, and on the seventh day he received another letter, begging him to come home as soon as possible, for she was subject to downright persecution from Captain Laxton; and her father was much too easy. For the first time in her life she really felt the need of a protector.

This letter set Greaves almost wild. She wanted him back to protect her now, and he bound for the East, and could not hope to see her for two years.

Nothing for it but to pace the deck and rage internally. No fresh advices possible before the Cape. He couldn't sleep, and this operated curiously: he passed for a supernaturally vigilant lieutenant.

There was a commander on board, a sprig of nobility, a charming fellow, but rather an easy-going officer; he used to wonder at Greaves, and, having the admiral's ear, praised him for a model. "The beggar never sleeps at all," said he. "I think he will kill himself."

"He will be the only one of ye," growled the admiral. But he took notice of Greaves—all the more that a Lord of the Admiralty, who was his personal friend, had said a word for him in one of those meek postscripts which mean so much when written by the hand of power.

At last they reached the Cape, and dropped anchor.

The mail-boat came out with letters.

There was none for Greaves.

No letter at all! The deck seemed to rise under him, and he had to hold on by the forebraces; and even that was as much as he could do, being somewhat weakened by sleepless nights. Several officers came round him, and the ship's surgeon applied salts and brandy, and he recovered, but looked very wild. Then the surgeon advised him to go ashore for a change. Leave was granted immediately, and the second lieutenant went with him good-naturedly enough. They made inquiries, and found another mail was due in two days. They took up their quarters at a hotel, and there Greaves was so wretched, and his companion so sympathetic, that at last the tormented lover made a confidant of him.

"Oh, it will be all right," said the other. "Why should she want you home, if she liked that lubber?"

"I don't know," said poor Greaves. "The last letter was not like her—such a high-spirited girl; and it looked as if he was getting her into his power. If he has, all the worse for both of us; for the day I catch him I shall kill him."

Next day the mail came in; and as Greaves had left his address at the post-office, a letter was brought him, all wetted and swollen with rain, the boy having carried it without the least attempt to protect it from a thick drizzle that enveloped the town that day.

Greaves tore it open. It was fatally short. This is every syllable of it:

"Forget one unworthy of you. I can resist no longer. I am fascinated. I am his slave, and must follow him round the world. Perhaps he will revenge you.

"Dear Arthur, I did not mean to deceive. I am but young; I thought I loved you as you deserve. Pray, pray forgive me. E."

Suspense, the worst of all our tortures, was over; the blow had fallen. Arthur Greaves was a man again.

"Yes, I forgive you, my poor girl," he groaned. "But" (with sudden fury) "I'll kill *him*."

He told his friend it was all over, and even gave him the letter. "It is not her fault," he sobbed. "The fellow has cast a spell over her. No more about it, or I should soon go mad."

And, from that hour, he endured in silence, and checked all return to the subject very sternly.

But his friend talked, and told the other officers how Greaves had been jilted, and was breaking his heart; and he looked so ghastly pale that altogether he met with much honest sympathy. The very admiral was sorry, in his way. He had met him in the street, looking like a ghost, and his uniform hanging loose on him, his stalwart form was so shrunk. "Confound the women!" growled the old boy to his favorite, the commander. "There's the best officer in the ship, a first-class mathematician, an able navigator, a good seaman, and a practical gunner, laid low by some young bitch not worth his little finger, I'll be bound."

Next day he sent for the young man.

"Lettenant Greaves!"

"Sir."

"Here's a transport going home, and nobody to command her. They have come to me. I thought of sending the second lettenant; it would have been more convenient; for, by Jove! Sir, when you are gone, I may have to sail the ship myself. However, I have altered my mind—you will take the troops to Plymouth."

"Yes, admiral."

"Then you'd better take a fortnight ashore, for your health. You are very ill, Sir."

"Thank you, admiral."

"Come out to Hong-Kong how you can. You can apply to the Admiralty for your expenses, *if you think it is any use*."

Greaves's eye flashed and his pale cheek colored.

"Ay, ay," said the admiral, "I see these instructions are not so disagreeable as they ought to be. A steam-tug and a cargo of lobsters! But you must listen to me: an honest sailor like you is no match for these girls; it is not worth your while to be sick or sorry for any one of them. There! there! send your traps aboard the tub, and clear the harbor of her as soon as you can. She is under your orders, Sir."

"God bless you, admiral!" sobbed Greaves, and retired all in a hurry, partly to hide his emotions, and partly because it is not usual, in the service, to bless one's superiors to their faces. It is more the etiquette to curse them behind their backs.

Now was Greaves a new man. Light shone in his eye, vigor returned to his limbs; this most unexpected stroke of good fortune put another face on things. He had the steamboat coaled and victualed with unheard-of expedition, got the troops on board, and steamed away for Plymouth.

They had fair weather, and his hopes rose. After all, Ellen could hardly have taken any irretrievable step. She had never denied his claim on her; a good licking bestowed on Laxton might break the spell, and cool his ardor into the bargain. He felt sure he could win her back somehow. He had been out of sight when this fellow succeeded in deluding her. But now he should get fair play.

He landed the troops at Plymouth, and made his report; then off to Tenby at once. He went straight to the mayor's house. A girl opened the door.

"Miss Ap Rice?"

"She don't live here, Sir, now. Lawk! it is Captain Greaves. Come in, Sir, and I'll send Mr. Dewar."

Greaves went in, full of misgivings, and sat down in the dining-room.

Presently Dewar came—a white-haired old fellow, who had been at sea in early life, but was now the mayor's factotum, and allowed himself great liberties.

He came in, open-mouthed. "Ah, Captain Greaves, it is a bad business. I'm a'most sorry to see you here. Gone, Sir, gone, and we shall never see her again, I'm afraid."

"Gone! What! run away—with that scoundrel?"

"Well, Sir, it did look like running away, being so sudden. But it was a magnificent wedding, for that matter, and they left in a special steamer, with a gilt starn, and the flags of all nations a-flying."

"Married?"

"You may well be surprised, Sir. But, for as sudden as it was, I seen it a-coming. You see, Sir, he was always at her, morning, noon, and night. He'd have tired out a saint, leastways a female one. Carriage and four to take her to some blessed old ruin or other. *She* didn't care for the ruin, but she couldn't withstand the four horses, which they are seldom seen in Tenby. Flowers every day; Hindia shawls; dimond necklace; a wheedling tongue; and a beard like a Christmas fir. I blame that there beard for it. Ye see, captain, these young ladies never speaks their real minds about them beards. Lying comes natural to them; and so, to flatter a clean, respectable body like you or me, they makes pretend, and calls beards ojious. And so they are. That there Laxton, his beard supped my soup for a wager agin his belly; and with him chattering so, he'd forget to wipe it for ever so long. Sarved him right if I'd brought him a basin and a towel before all the company. But these young ladies, they don't vally that. What they looks for in a man is to be the hopposite of a woman. They hates and despises their own sect. So what they loves in a man is hunblushing himpudence and a long beard. The more they complains of a man's brass, the more they likes it; and as for a beard, they'd have him look like a beast, so as he looked very onlike a woman, which a beard it is. But if they once fingers one of them beards, it is all up with 'em. And that is how I knew what was coming; for one day I was at my pantry window, a-cleaning my silver, when miss and him was in the little garden; seated on one bench they was, and not fur off one another neither. He was a-reading poetry to her, and his head so near her that I'm blest if his tarnation beard wasn't almost in her lap. Her eyes was turned up to heaven in a kind of trance, a-tasting of the poetry; but whiles she was a-looking up to heaven for the meaning of that there sing-song, blest if her little white fingers wasn't twisting the ends of that there beard into little ringlets, without seeming to know what they was doing. Soon as I saw that, I said, 'Here's a go. It is all up with Captain Greaves. He have limed her, this here cockney sailor.' For if ever a woman plays with a man's curls, or his whiskers, or his beard, she is netted like a partridge. It is a sure sign. So should we be if the women's hair was loose; but they has so much mercy as to tie it up, and make it as hugly as they can, and full o' pins, and that saves many a man from being netted and caged and all. So soon arter that she named the day."

Greaves sat dead silent under this flow of envenomed twaddle, like a Spartan under the knife. But at last he could bear it no longer. He groaned aloud, and buried his contorted face in his hands.

"Confound my chattering tongue!" said honest Dewar, and ran to the sideboard and forced a glass of brandy on him. He thanked him, and drank it, and told him not to mind him, but to tell him where she was settled with the fellow.

"Settled, Sir?" said Dewar. "No such luck. She writes to her papa every week, but it is always from some fresh place. 'Dewar,' says his worship to me, 'I've married my girl to the Wandering Jew.' Oh, he don't hide his mind from me. He tells me that this Laxton have had a ship built in the north, a thundering big ship—for he's as rich as Crœses—and he have launched her to sail round the world. My fear is he will sail her to the bottom of the ocean."

"Poor Ellen!"

"Captain, captain, don't fret your heart out for her; she is all right. She loves the man, and she loves hexcitement; which he will give it her. She'd have had a ball here every week if she could; and now she will see a new port every week. She is all right. Let her go her own road. She broke her troth to do it; and we don't think much, in Wales, of girls as do that, be they gentle or be they simple, look you."

Greaves looked up, and said, sternly, "Not one word against her before me. I have borne all I can."

Old Dewar wasn't a bit offended. "Ah, you are a man, you are," said he. Then, in a cordial way, "Captain Greaves, Sir, you will stay with us, now you are come."

"Me stay here!"

"Ay; why not? Ye mustn't bear spite against the old man. He stood out for you longer than I ever knowed him to stand out against *her*. But she could always talk him over; she could talk any body over. It is all haccident my standing so true to you. It wasn't worth her while to talk old Dewar over; that is the reason. Do ye stay, now. You'll be like a son to the old man, look you. He is sadly changed since she went—quite melancholy, and keeps a-blaming of hisself for letting her be master."

"Dewar," said the young man, "I can not. The sight of the places where I walked with her, and loved her, and she seemed to love me—oh no!—to London by the first train, and then to sea. Thank God for the sea! The sea can not change into lying land. My heart has been broken ashore. Perhaps it may recover in a few years, at sea. Give him my love, Dewar, and God bless *you!*"

He almost ran out of the house, and fixed his eyes on the ground, to see no more objects imbittered by recollections of happiness fled. He made his way to his uncle in London, reported himself to the Admiralty, and asked for a berth in the first ship bound to China. He was told, in reply, he could go out in any merchant ship; but as his pay would not be interrupted, the government could not be chargeable for his expenses.

In spite of a dizzy headache, he went into the City next day to arrange for his voyage.

But at night he was taken with violent shivering, and before morning was light-headed.

A doctor was sent for in the morning.

Next day the case was so serious that a second was called in.

The case declared itself—gastric fever and jaundice.

They administered medicines, which, as usual in these cases, did the stomach a little harm, and the system no good.

His uncle sent for a third physician; a rough but very able man. He approved all the others had done—and did the very reverse; ordered him a milk diet, tepid aspersions, frequent change of bed and linen, and no medicine at all, but a little bark; and old Scotch whiskey in moderation.

"Tell me the truth," said his sorrowful uncle.

"I always do," said the doctor, "that is why they call me a brute. Well, Sir, the case is not hopeless *yet*. But I will not deceive you; I fear he is going a longer voyage than China."

So may the mind destroy the body, and the Samson, who can conquer a host, be laid low by a woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Eleventh Report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut, for the year 1876, has been presented to the Legislature, and is largely occupied by an enumeration of the fresh-water ponds of the State, in illustration of the work yet to be done in the propagation and multiplication of useful food fishes.

From this we learn that of such ponds there are 256, varying in extent from *five* to *two thousand acres*, and aggregating an area of 31,604 acres. It is thought that they do not now produce one-thousandth part of the fish which they are capable of doing.

The principal labor of the Commissioners has been confined to the hatching out and distribution of eggs of the California salmon presented by the United States Commission. Of 500,000 eggs thus received, not less than 477,000 were successfully planted in suitable locations within the State, the total loss by transportation across the continent, by hatching and final carriage and distribution, being less than four and six-tenths per cent.

The land-locked salmon enterprise, which is conducted by the United States Fish Commission, in connection with Connecticut and Massachusetts, has also received due attention, and an interesting communication is printed from Mr. Atkins, from which we learn that the average weight of the land-locked salmon, when fully grown, is about one and three-quarter pounds, the smallest weighing a little over one pound. Their average length is about eighteen or nineteen inches.

The death of Mr. Alexander Bain, the eminent electrician, took place at Glasgow on the 2d of January, at the age of sixty-six. One of his most important inventions was that of the electro-chemical telegraph, which was patented in 1846. The alphabet was that of Morse's system, and, as is well known, is indicated by the passage of electric sparks through the prepared paper, altering its color. The Bain system constitutes the basis of several important improvements in telegraphing, among others that of Mr. Edison in the United States, who has succeeded in transmitting 1057 words in fifty-seven seconds.

To Mr. Bain we also owe the bringing into notice of the method of making use of natural bodies of water to complete the electric circuit, by leaving a single insulated wire between the given stations, and by having a metallic brush at each end, immersed in the water, this being an extension and completion of a discovery by Steinheil in a similar direction. Numerous other devices were patented or brought to light by Mr. Bain which have largely influenced the applications of electricity to modern wants.

A curious anomaly in regard to the period of the spawning of salmon is presented in California, as, according to a statement of Mr. B. B. Redding, the Fish Commissioner of the State, the salmon which run up from the ocean into Russian River, Eel River, and other short rivers on the coast, were actually spawning during the middle of January.

A couple of months ago, several lots of salmon were sent to New York from San Francisco, probably from these rivers, although the precise locality was kept a profound secret. The development of the ovaries and of the hooked jaw very clearly indicated, in the case of these fish, that the spawning season was approaching.

Among recent deaths in scientific circles may be mentioned that of Mr. Alfred Smee, on the 11th of January, at the age of fifty-eight. Mr. Smee was a surgeon by profession, but devoted much time to industrial experiments, and aided greatly in devising the present form of the Bank of England notes, and the check used by the bank, in which printing from electrotypes was substituted for copper-plate printing. As an inventor of the Smee battery, and by his publications on electro-metallurgy, his name has long been familiar to electricians.

Lauterburg, in speaking of the relation of rain-fall to forests, remarks that not only is the amount of this fall greater upon the forest portion of the country than upon that which is bare (a statement which will bear criticism), but also that a much larger proportion of the water is retained, instead of running off rapidly, so as to form torrents. It is on the latter account that forests are most serviceable. The dead leaves, the pine cones, the humus, the mosses, etc., soak up the rain and hold it for a certain time, a too rapid evaporation being prevented by the trees themselves. On this account the rain runs off much less rapidly, and maintains the springs at an average height and strength throughout the year. The proportion of rain held on the foliage of the trees themselves is also not inconsiderable.

The death of Mr. C. H. Cheyne took place on the 1st of January, at the age of thirty-eight. Mr. Cheyne was the author of a work on the Planetary Theory, a second edition of which was published in 1870.

Although the question as to the success of the *Salmo salar* in Australia and New Zealand is still undecided, there seems to be no doubt as to its having been established in Tasmania, the waters and climate of which appear to be admirably adapted to the purpose. A letter from Mr. Alefort, dated November 30, states that several salmon have been taken below Hobart-Town, varying in weight from two to seven pounds, and that he himself had taken a grilse of over three pounds in weight having all the characteristics of the true salmon. Many other grilse have been seen in the Derwent leaping and plashing in true salmon style. Hundreds were observed by Mr. Alefort.

Professor J. C. Poggendorff, of Berlin, and editor of *Poggendorff's Annalen*, died in January last, in his eighty-first year.

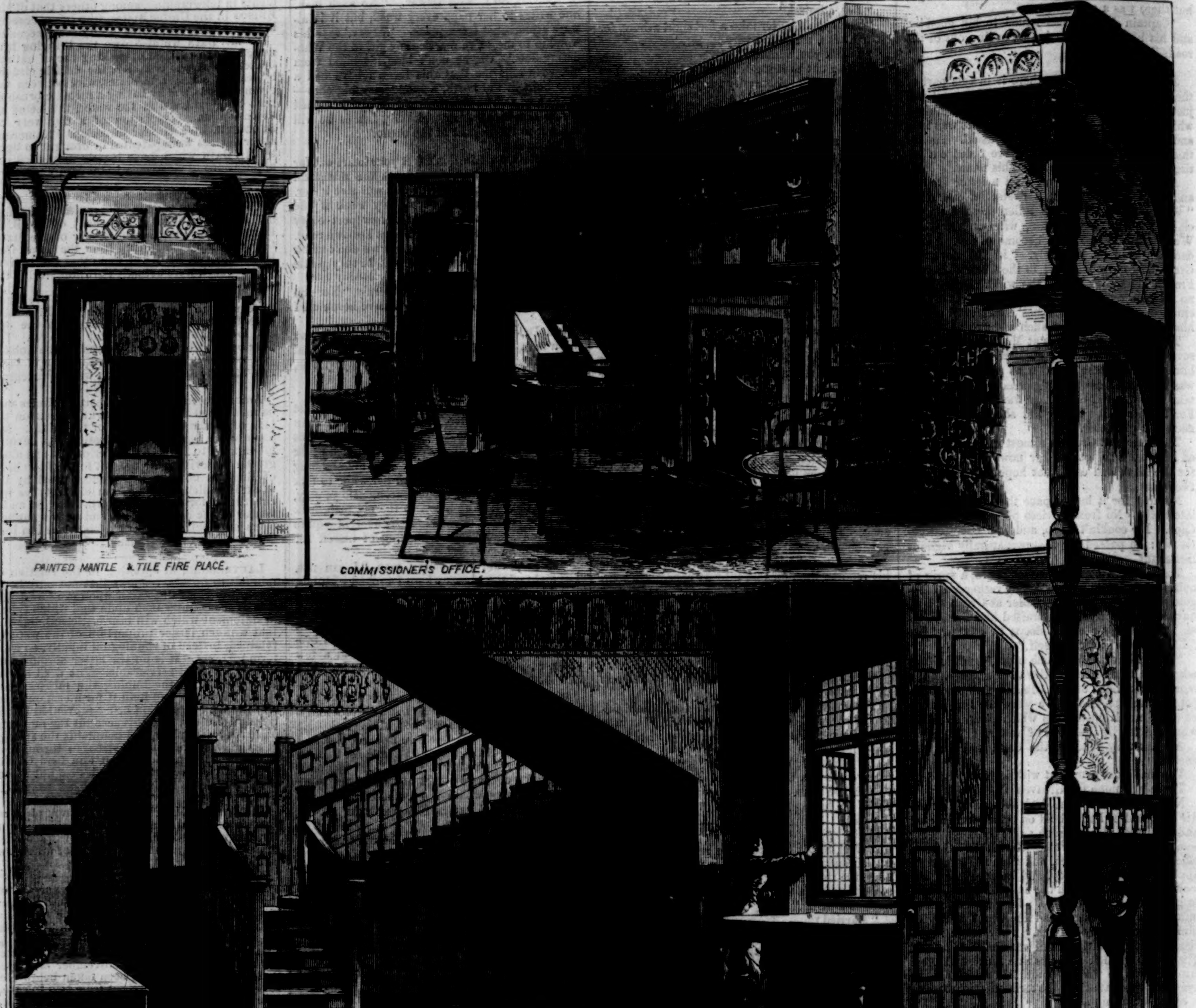
The note of preparation of polar exploration for the present and future years is already manifesting itself. This research, so far from closing with the late English expedition, is really likely to be prosecuted with renewed vigor. It is, indeed, not at all improbable that the two English vessels will be again sent out for further research, every thing being kept in a state of readiness on each vessel, with equipments and supplies still on board sufficient, it is stated, for extended operations.

In America, the most notable project is that of Captain Howgate, for the establishment of one or more permanent stations in Smith Sound. A bill has actually been introduced into Congress making an appropriation of $50,000 for the enterprise, and placing its direction under the charge of the National Academy of Sciences.

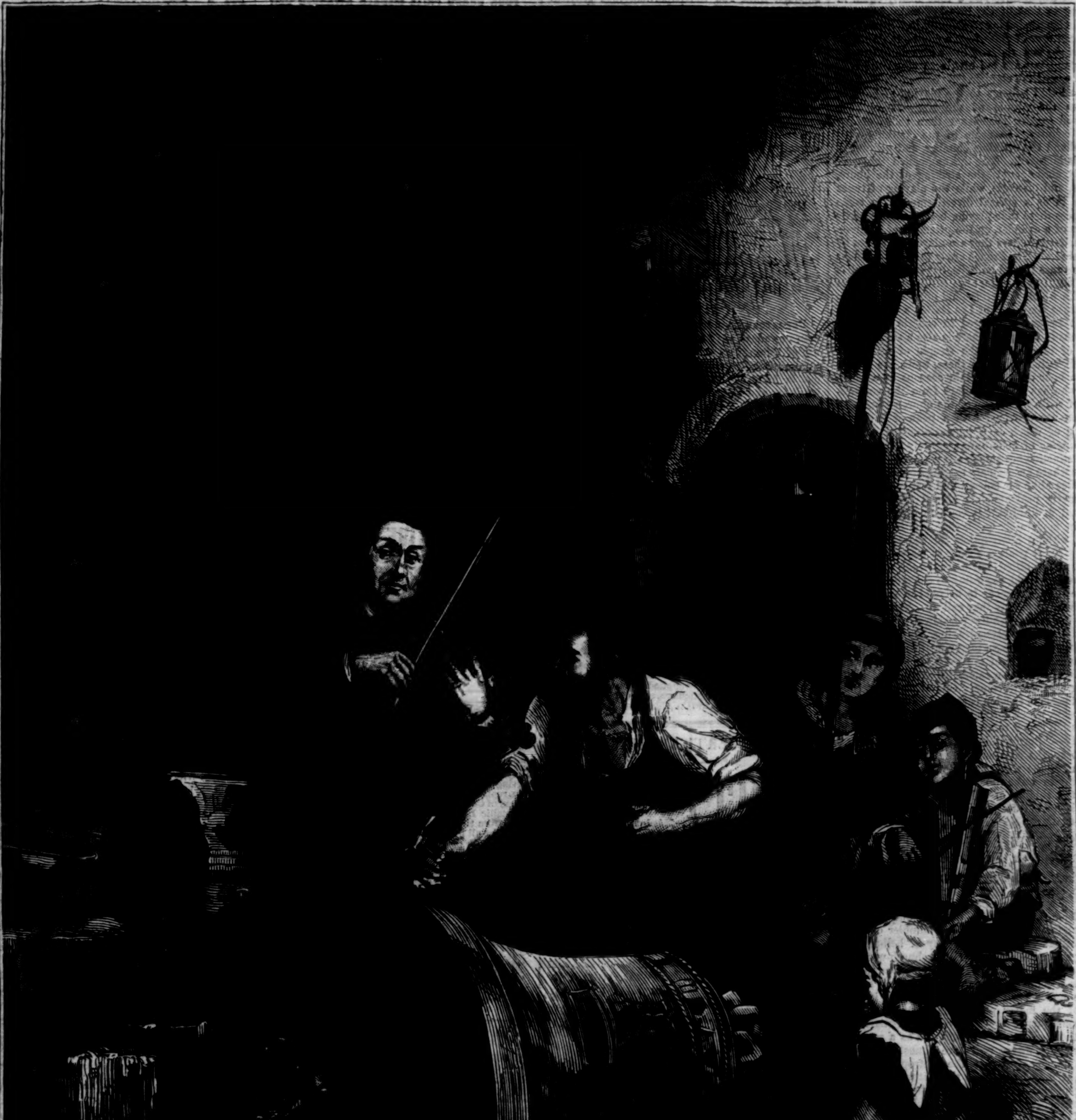
Professor Nordenskjöld, so well known in this connection, is not discouraged in the attempt at reaching the pole by the paleocrystic ice, of which so much has lately been said, and which, in his opinion, is far from being of that eternal and persistent character represented by Captain Nares. He thinks, indeed, that the fact of its being so rough and uneven shows its recent origin, as a summer in even a latitude of 83° would produce a considerable amount of melting and a consequent smoothing off of the asperities; the cavities would be filled and the surface leveled off by the drift of the winds. In illustration of this, he remarks that in 1873 he found the ice in the northern part of Northeastern Spitzbergen of precisely similar character—so rough, indeed, that a mile could scarcely be traversed in a day. In 1876, however, there was so much open water to the north of the Seven Islands that several of the Norwegian whalers sailed beyond the latitude of 81° in their small sail-boats without meeting any ice at all, and were unanimously of the opinion, judging from the character of the waves and the ice, that they could have sailed at least as far as latitude 83°.

He thinks, therefore, that in favorable seasons, instead of paleocrystic ice, open water will be found to the north of Smith Sound. The professor announces that he hopes to head an expedition in 1878 for investigating the waters between the Siberian seas and Behring Strait, and thinks the results will prove disastrous to many old theories.

The Dutch government, it is said, also contemplates an expedition in 1878, and proposes to ask at once for a sum to meet the expenses.


PAINTED MANTLE & TILE FIRE PLACE.
COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.
ENTRANCE HALL.
DINING ROOM FURNITURE.
CARVED OAK SIDE-BOARD.

ENGLISH COTTAGE FURNITURE—INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S COTTAGE NUMBER 1, CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 214.]



TONING THE BELL.—[From a Painting by Walter Shirlaw.]

TONING THE BELL.

The above engraving represents a lively scene that may be appropriately located in almost any of the larger towns of Continental Europe. After going through numberless processes of modeling, casting, polishing, finishing, the great bell is at last ready to pass from the hands of the founder. First, however, it must be sounded to find if the result based upon so many elaborate calculations is just what has been anticipated. The moment is one of eager interest; the whole family of the master is assembled, including baby, bird, and beast, while upright in the centre of the group stands the village priest, prepared to give the decisive scrape of his violin to which the bell is expected to respond in tones of deep-mouthed harmony.

The quality of a bell depends not only on the composition of the metal it is made of, but very much, also, on its shape and on the proportions between its height, diameter, and thickness; for these the bell-founder has rules derived from experience and confirmed by science. Bells are usually formed of a composition of copper and tin, called bell-metal. When the proper proportions of the two metals are fused together, the compound is poured into a mould. Authorities differ as to these proportions; some give four parts of copper to one of tin, others three of the former to one of the latter metal. In the reign of Henry III. the proportion would seem to have been two to one; and the small bronze bells discovered by Mr. Layard in the palace of Nimroud are found to contain ten of copper to one of tin. Hand-bells are often made of brass, antimony alloyed with tin, German silver, real silver, and gold. The notion that in old times silver was mingled with bell-metal to sweeten the tone is a mistake. The latter metal in any quantity would injure the tone rather than improve it.

The pitch of a bell depends upon its size; the smaller it is, the higher note it gives. For a peal of four bells to give the pure chord of ground tone (key-note), third, fifth, and octave, the diameters require to be as 30, 24, 20, 15, and the weights as 80, 41, 24, 10. Eight bells which form an octave or diatonic scale make the most perfect peal. The variety of "changes" or permutations of order that can be rung on a peal increases enormously with the number of bells. Three bells allow 6 changes; four bells, 24; while twelve bells give as many as 479,001,600. A less quantity of metal than is due to the calibre of a bell, though giving the same note, produces a meagre, harsh sound, and the real or fancied superiority in dignity of tone of some old bells is ascribed to a greater weight of metal having been allowed for the same note than modern economy would dictate. Bells have been cast of steel, some of which have had a tone nearly equal in fineness to that of the best bell-metal, but deficient in length, having less vibration. Some have also been cast of glass, with a considerable thickness of the material, and these give an extremely fine sound, but are too brittle to stand the continual use of the clapper.

In all that belongs to the playing of bells in belfries the people of the Netherlands have achieved greater proficiency than those of any other country. In some of the church towers of Holland the striking, chiming, and playing of bells is incessant. The tinkling called "chimes" usually accompanies the striking of the hours, halves, and quarters, while the playing of tunes comes in as a special divertisement. In some instances these tune-playing bells are sounded by means of a cylinder, on the principle of a barrel-organ, but in others they are played with keys by a musician. The French apply the term *carillons* to the tunes played on bells, but in England it is more usual to give the term carillons to the suits of bells which yield this kind of music. In this last sense, the tower of Les Halles, a large building at Bruges, is allowed to contain the finest carillons in Europe. There is also a set of music bells of this kind in the steeple of St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh. On these, tunes are played for an hour daily at certain seasons by a musician who has a small salary from the corporation of the city. Many of the church towers in London are provided with a peal of bells, the ringing of which is a long-established custom. The *ringing* of bells differs entirely from tolling—a distinction not sufficiently recognized in those places where an ordinary ringing of bells is made to suffice alike for solemn and festive occasions. The merry peal amounts almost to an English national institution. It consists of ringing the peal in moderately quick time and in a certain order, without interruption, for the space of an hour. Merry peals are rung at marriages, if ordered, and at other festive events, the ringers being properly paid, according to custom.

The English appear to be fond of these peals and the associations they call up. They actually make bequests to endow periodical peals in their parish church towers—leaving, for example, so much money to ring a merry peal for an hour on a certain evening of the week, or to commemorate victories or other causes for national rejoicing, during all time to come. One of the most celebrated peals in London is that of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, which forms the basis of a proverbial expression meant to mark emphatically a London nativity—"Born within the sound of Bow-bells." Brand speaks of a substantial endowment by a citizen for the ringing of Bow-bells early every morning to wake up the London apprentices. That the ringing of bells as a token of merriment is an old usage in England we learn from Shakspeare:

> "Get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
> And bid the very bells ring to thine ear
> That thou art crowned, not that I am dead."

Sometimes, in compliment to a newly opened church, efforts are made to furnish its belfry with the proper number of bells, and to endow it at once for a merry peal to be rung once a week. It is common for some of the humbler class of parishioners to form a company of bell-ringers, acting under the authority of the church-wardens. Some endowments for peals embrace a supper as well as a money payment to the ringers, and of course under such circumstances there is little risk of the merry peal falling into desuetude. The consequence is that, what with marriages and other festive celebrations, and as a result of endowments, merry peals are almost constantly going on somewhere in the metropolis—a fine proof, it may be said, of the naturally cheerful and generous temperament of the English, and their respect for old customs. In Lancashire the art of playing on bells is cultivated with much enthusiasm and success. The bells are small, and arranged on a movable stand. They are struck by two small instruments, one held in each hand of the performer, and produce a sweet tinkling kind of music.

In some parts of England as many as eight bells are attached to the harness of wagon horses, and, care being taken in their selection, the sounds produced are very pleasant and harmonious. America has never shown any enthusiasm in regard to the music of bells. There are but few chimes in the country, and those confined to the larger churches of our great cities. As for the bells sometimes attached to public conveyances and the wagons of itinerant collectors of rags and old bottles, the sounds they express are simply most execrable discords.

ENGLISH COTTAGE FURNITURE.

On page 212 will be found an interesting series of sketches of the interior and furniture of one of the "St. George's Cottages" which were so greatly admired at the Centennial. "Cottage No. 1," from which our illustrations are drawn, was the official head-quarters of Colonel Sandford, the chief of the British Commission, and the room occupied by him was somewhat more elegant than the others in respect to draperies, paper-hangings, carpets, furniture, etc., and in all its details a model of harmonious arrangement and good taste. The furniture was in imitation of ebony; the centre table was especially admired, and by good judges pronounced one of the finest pieces of furniture ever seen.

The dining-room sideboard, of carved oak, attracted much attention by its elaborate and artistic carving, the character of which may be seen in our sketch. The other articles—chairs, dining-room wagon, tables, etc.—though less elaborate in finish, were admirable specimens of household furniture.

The floor of the entrance hall is of ordinary tiling, the wood-work where visible is painted in subdued tints, and the paper-hangings grayish-green, with oak-leaf pattern. The panels shown in the sketch are small, and set off with black beading. The stairway is of easy ascent, with two landings. In each room is a fire-place, each with a mantel-piece of peculiar pattern and design. The one which we illustrate is a dark gray-green in tint, with tiles at the sides, and stenciled ornamentation in color. Each fire-place is surmounted with a mirror. This cottage has been presented to Fairmount Park, and will remain an attractive feature in the grounds.

AN AMERICAN TRIUMPH.

Mr. Kurtz, the photographer, can well feel proud with his success at Philadelphia, because he stood first among the exhibitors of artistic photography. No one visiting New York should fail to call at his magnificent gallery, and there see the degree of perfection to which he has brought the art of making portraits.—[*Com.*]

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.—[*Com.*]

For all disorders arising from an unhealthy condition of the liver or stomach no remedy equals Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills, which are now used by thousands with the most beneficial results. One box of these pills, valued at 25 cents, will prove the efficacy of the medicine. No matter how costive or how bilious the system may be, the habit of body is immediately corrected and regulated, and the organs are brought to a healthy and natural activity. The Mandrake Pills are likewise an infallible remedy for sick headache and piles. For sale by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

All nervous, exhausting, and painful diseases speedily yield to the curative influences of Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Bands. They are safe, simple, and effective, and can be easily applied by the patient himself. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address Pulvermacher Galvanic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

KURTZ Portraits,
MADISON SQUARE, N.Y.
Highest Awards in Paris, Vienna, New York.

JUDGES' REPORT FROM PHILADELPHIA:

"For general artistic excellence in ALL STYLES of Portrait Photography, plain, Crayon, Oil, and Pastel, and for A NEW PROCESS of making DURABLE transfer CRAYONS."

Dr. H. Vogel, Prof. of Chemistry.
T. V. Wardel, Artist.
Peter Graham, Artist.
Donald G. Mitchell, Artist.
T. Hill Smith, Artist.
Carl Costenoble, Artist.
P. N. Arbo, Artist.
Carl Schlesinger, Artist
J. F. Weir, Artist.
A. Tantardini, Artist.
Henry Draper, Professor of Chemistry.

"OUR FIRST HUNDRED YEARS," By C. Edwards Lester. Sent free by mail to any address on receipt of $2 50. Write for testimonials. U. S. PUBLISHING CO., or JNO. F. TROW,
205 East 12th Street, New York.

DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

Pure white teeth and a sweet breath are, as the poet says, "an excellent thing in man and woman." Nothing adds so much to the personal appearance as a fine set of teeth, and to neglect their care is unexcusable. To keep them free from scurf, and spotless as pearls, cleanse them daily with

FRAGRANT SOZODONT.

It is a wholesome Botanical preparation, and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It is loudly praised by artists of the dramatic and lyric profession, who especially know the value of a reliable dentifrice. Sold by Druggists every where.

PISCICULTURE.
BROOK TROUT PONDS.
FOR SALE,

The beautiful grounds of the Jamestown Fish Culturists Co., embracing 32 Acres, the necessary ponds, hatching houses, &c., bountifully supplied from artesian wells with water specially adapted to the culture of Brook Trout, and 50,000 *Trout* ranging from those recently hatched to 3 year old. The grounds are situated on the Outlet of Lake Chautauqua, within the Corporate limits of the City of Jamestown, N.Y. For particulars, apply to the Superintendent on the premises, or to E. C. MIDDLETON, General Manager, Cincinnati, O.

POLLAK & CO.,
Manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes and Holders. Repairing, Boiling, &c.
Wholesale and Retail.
27 John St., N.Y. P.O. Box 5009.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

AN OFFICIAL LIST
Of Curable Diseases, and How to Treat them at Home. Useful to the Sick or well. *Mailed Free* to any address. NEW YORK CHEMICAL CO., 733 Broadway, N.Y.

Allen's Planet Jr. Silver Medal
Hand Seed Drills and Wheel Hoes have received Three important Medals. *Every Farmer needs a copy of our full descriptive Price List, and we want an Agent, or Club in every Town.* S. L. ALLEN & CO., 119 So. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

FOUR GRAND PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED OUR EXHIBIT AT THE CENTENNIAL.

BLISS'S SELECT GARDEN SEEDS.

Bliss's Illustrated Seed Catalogue and Amateur's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden. 200 pages, including several hundred finely executed engravings, and a **beautifully colored Lithograph. 35 Cents.**

Bliss's Illustrated Gardener's Almanac and Abridged Catalogue. 136 pages. Embraces a Monthly Calendar of Operations, and a Price List of all the leading **Garden, Field and Flower Seeds,** profusely illustrated, with brief directions for their culture. **10 Cents.**

Bliss's Illustrated Potato Catalogue contains a list of 500 Varieties, and much useful information upon their cultivation, **10 Cents.**

Regular customers supplied gratis. Address
P. O. Box, No. 5712. B. K. BLISS & SONS, 34 Barclay St., New York.
Please mention this paper when ordering Catalogues.

BEWARE OF WATERED LARD.
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.'S
CHICAGO
KETTLE-RENDERED LARD
IS GUARANTEED
Pure & Free from Water. For Sale by H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., 116 Reade St., and the trade generally throughout the United States.

"MADAME! BEWARE OF WATERED LARD!"

A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS.

☞ WE WANT 500 MORE FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINE AGENTS, AND 500 MEN OF ENERGY AND ABILITY TO LEARN THE BUSINESS OF SELLING SEWING MACHINES. COMPENSATION LIBERAL, BUT VARYING ACCORDING TO ABILITY, CHARACTER AND QUALIFICATIONS OF THE AGENT. FOR PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

Wilson Sewing Machine Co., Chicago,
827 & 829 Broadway, New York, or New Orleans, La.

They have no equal, are air-tight and indestructible, preserving the body for years, and protecting it from vermin, reptiles, or body-snatching. Their use prevents the spread of Contagious Diseases at Funerals or elsewhere.

Metallic Burial Cases and Caskets are made in all sizes, from the cheapest to the most expensive.

Sold by all first-class Undertakers and Sextons.

RAYMOND MANUFACTURING CO., 348 Pearl St., N.Y.

PATENT WIRE SIGNS,
with cresting finish, for Roofs of Buildings. Wire Banner Signs, with Patent Metallic Frames, adapted for all business purposes. Durable, Attractive, and Economical. Send for circular.
UPHAM & CO.,
250 Canal St., N.Y.

BUY YOUR WINDOW SHADES

Of the Manufacturers. We invite attention to our new style of imitation Swiss Lace Shade, as pretty and more durable at half the price. Also, Gold Band Shades and New Scrolls, designed twice a year exclusively for our use.
JAY C. WEMPLE & CO.,
444 & 446 Pearl St., N.Y.

PRICE $290 U.S.

YOU ask WHY we can sell First-Class 7 1-3 Octave Rosewood Pianos for $290. Our answer is, that it costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per ct. profit. We have no Agents, but sell direct to Families, at Factory price, and warrant five years. We send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for our Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw this notice. Address,
U. S. PIANO CO., 810 Broadway, N.Y.

Young America Press Co.,
53 Murray St., New York,
the oldest house in the country in the business, sell the **cheapest and best hand and self-inking printing presses.** Our new self-inkers are acknowledged the best ever made. We sell a very good press for TWO DOLLARS, and a miniature printing office, with press, type, &c. for FIVE DOLLARS. A SPLENDID HOLIDAY PRESENT.
Circulars free. Specimen Book of Type, Cuts, &c. ten cents.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome Street.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

PERFECTION.
BOKER'S BITTERS.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, No. 78 John St., N.Y.
P. O. Box 1029.

PRINTING PRESSES! Large Illustrated Catalogue for 2 stamps. J. COOK & CO., Mfr's, West Meriden, Conn.
VICTOR! AND ENTERPRISE! Hand-Inkers, $3 to $20. Self-Inkers, $6 to $350.

RUBBER WORKS.
Goods for Druggists and Stationers. Inventors' Articles manufactured. F. H. HOLTON, 45 Gold St., N.Y.

VANDERBURGH, WELLS, & CO. Wood Type and Borders, Cabinets, "Strong Slat" Cases, Stands, and Galleys. Complete Newspaper outfits. 16 and 18 Dutch Street, corner Fulton, New York.

$1. Send One Dollar for the Pocket Edition of **Webster's Dictionary.** Contains 18,000 Words, Rules of Spelling, Tables of Money, Weights and Measures; Abbreviations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c., from the Greek, the Latin, and the Modern Languages. Morocco Tucks, Gilt Edges. By Mail on receipt of $1.00. For sale by all dealers.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
Publishers Webster's School Dictionaries,
138 and 140 Grand St., New York.

Baby Carriage.
THE NOVELTY.
Room and Protection.
Send for Circular, to
L. P. TIBBALS,
820 BROADWAY, N.Y.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING
VALUABLE AND INTERESTING BOOKS
ON
RUSSIA AND TURKEY,
AND RELATING TO
MOHAMMEDANISM.

ARNOLD'S THROUGH PERSIA. Through Persia by Caravan. By Arthur Arnold, Author of "From the Levant," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

SMITH'S MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM. Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in February and March, 1874. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., Assistant Master in Harrow School; late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With an Appendix containing Emanuel Deutsch's Article on "Islam." 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

BUSH'S LIFE OF MOHAMMED. The Life of Mohammed, Founder of the Religion of Islam, and of the Empire of the Saracens. By Professor George Bush. 18mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

DIXON'S FREE RUSSIA. Free Russia. By W. Hepworth Dixon, Author of "Her Majesty's Tower," &c. With Two Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. With Maps and Plans. Three Volumes now ready. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per vol.

WEIL'S BIBLICAL LEGENDS OF THE MUSSULMANS. The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud. Compiled from Arabic Sources, and Compared with Jewish Traditions. By Dr. G. Weil. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

CURZON'S ARMENIA AND ERZEROOM. Armenia: A Year at Erzeroom, and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. Map and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

MACGAHAN'S CAMPAIGNING ON THE OXUS. Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva. By J. A. MacGahan. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

BURNABY'S RIDE TO KHIVA. A Ride to Khiva: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia. By Fred Burnaby (Captain Royal Horse Guards). With Maps and an Appendix, containing, among other information, a Series of March-routes, Compiled from a Russian Work. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

GIBBON'S ROME. History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. With Notes, by Rev. H. H. Milman and M. Guizot. To which is added a Complete Index of the whole Work. 6 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $6 00.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON. A History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. Abridged. Incorporating the Researches of Recent Commentators. By Wm. Smith, LL.D. Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

CRICHTON'S HISTORY OF ARABIA. History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern. Containing a Description of the Country; an Account of its Inhabitants, Antiquities, Political Condition, and Early Commerce; the Civil Government and Religious Ceremonies of the Modern Arabs; Origin and Suppression of the Wahabees; the Institutions, Character, Manners, and Customs of the Bedouins, &c. By Andrew Crichton. Map and Illustrations. 2 vols., 18mo, Cloth, $1 50.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. New Edition. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $6 50.

HALLAM'S MIDDLE AGES. A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, LL.D., F.R.A.S. Incorporating in the Text the Author's Latest Researches, with Additions from Recent Writers, and adapted to the Use of Students. By Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

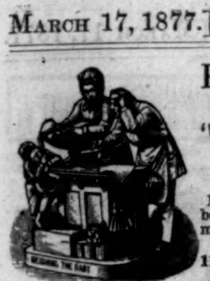
ATKINSON'S AMOOR REGIONS. Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China. With Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis, and the Manjours, Manyargs, Toungons, Touzemts, Goldi, and Galyaks, the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes. By Thomas Witlam Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Ill's. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

ATKINSON'S SIBERIA. Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia. By Thomas Witlam Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

CZAR AND THE SULTAN. The Czar and the Sultan; or, Nicholas and Abdul Medjid; their Private Lives and Public Actions. By Adrian Gilson. To which is added, The Turks in Europe: their Rise and Decadence. By Francis Bouvet. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

KNOUT AND THE RUSSIANS. The Knout and the Russians; or, The Muscovite Empire, the Czar, and his People. By Germain de Lagny. Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



Rogers' Statuary
$10 and upward.

'WEIGHING THE BABY.'
A New Group.
Price $15.

Illustrated Catalogues can be had on application, or mailed, by inclosing 10c. to
JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway,
Cor. 27th St., N. Y.

Harper's European Guide-Books.

PUBLISHED YEARLY IN 3 VOLS.

PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, $7 00.

Vol. I. Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *The Vols. Sold Separately, and either of them sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK, in English, French, German, and Italian. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

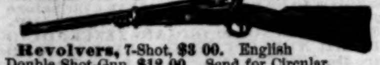
JUST PUBLISHED.
WOODWARD'S
Ornamental & Fancy Alphabets.
Three parts, fifty cents each, postpaid.
Order catalogue of new books on Art, Architecture and Agriculture.
Geo. E. Woodward,
136 Chambers Street,
New York.

F. J. KALDENBERG,

MANUFACTURER OF
MEERSCHAUM PIPES,
Cigar-Holders, &c.
Wholesale and Retail. Received First Prize at the Centennial.
Send for Illustrated Price-List.
STORES: { **117 Fulton St.,** **6 Astor House** (B'way), } New York.

SYNDICATE "Combination of Capital." New mode of operting in stocks. Loss **impossible. Profits sure.** Explanatory circular sent **free.** **MOREAN & CO.,** Brokers, 38 Broad St. P. O. Box 2538, N. Y.

Breech-Loading Rifle, $7.50.



Revolvers, 7-Shot, **$3 00.** English Double Shot-Gun, **$12 00.** Send for Circular.
HOMER FISHER, 260 Broadway, N. Y.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in **FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA,** and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. **SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN,** 687 Broadway, N. Y.

A STATE AGENT is wanted in each State to wholesale our goods to Canvassing Agents. Our *strictly cash trade* from this city, to Canvassing Agents only, is $100,000 a year. The means used to produce this trade will be furnished to State Agents who, *being on the ground*, will have *great advantages over us at a distance.* Cash required, $300 to $1000; part for goods, balance for advertising in State Papers for Agents. Address, for particulars,
MANUFACTURER, Box 2481, St. Louis, Mo.

$100. REWARD. $100.
This MOUSTACHE produced on a smooth face by the use of Dyke's Beard Elixir without injury, or will forfeit $100. Price by mail in sealed package 25 cents, for three 50 cents.
A. L. SMITH & CO., Ag'ts, Palatine, Ill.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS } and defective drafts cured, fuel saved, and heat increased with the Spiral Draft. Send stamp for circular to
HENRY COLFORD, 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

ROSE GROWER'S COMPANION AND FLORAL GUIDE
ROSES ☞ Tells you how to grow Roses, Geraniums, etc. Mailing Plants a Specialty. Send for it. A. K. WILLIAMS, Successor to **E. Y. TEAS & CO.,** Richmond, Ind

RARE AND FINE ENGRAVINGS.
Address F. KEPPEL, 66 Beekman Street, New York.

REVOLVERS and **Watches** *given away* for the next thirty days. Particulars free. KENDALL & CO., Boston, Mass.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

25 Fancy Cards, 16 styles, with name, 10c., postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Renns. Co., N. Y.

THE MOST POPULAR SCHOOL BOOKS NOW PUBLISHED.

HARPER'S
LANGUAGE SERIES.

By WILLIAM SWINTON.

	Retail.	Introduction.	Exchange.
Language Primer, ...	40 cts.	27 cts.	20 cts.
Language Lessons, ...	50 cts.	34 cts.	25 cts.
School Composition, . . .	50 cts.	34 cts.	25 cts.
Progressive Grammar, . . .	75 cts.	50 cts.	38 cts.

The aggregate population of the places in which Swinton's System of Language Training is now in successful use is more than SIX MILLIONS.

Approved by the School Committee of Boston.

After using the Language Lessons in the fourth, fifth, and sixth classes of the Grammar schools for several months, at the request of the masters, and in accordance with their own observation of its success in the classes already using it, the Committee on Text-Books unanimously reported the following order:

In School Committee, Boston, June 8, 1875. *Ordered,* That Swinton's Language Lessons be used as a text-book in the third class in the grammar schools.—*From the Committee on Text-Books, Boston, Mass.*

Uuanimous adoption for the State of Delaware.

Wilmington, Del., Aug. 17th, 1875.

At a meeting of the State Board of Education, held this day, Swinton's Grammars, consisting of Language Primer, Language Lessons, School Composition, Progressive Grammar, were unanimously adopted for use in the Public Schools of the State of Delaware. Nathan Pratt, *Secretary State Board of Education.*

From the Committee on Course of Study, Detroit, Mich.

The Committee on Course of Study, after their regular quarterly visit of inspection, reported October 29th, 1875, as follows:

The new text-books in grammar (Swinton's Language Books), recently introduced into the course of study, have produced a marked improvement in the study of this branch, and appear to have awakened a new interest in the pupils who pursue it.

From Dr. T. L. Griswold, *Principal of the State Normal School, Bloomsburg, Pa.*

We have used these text-books in the Bloomsburg State Normal School during the greater portion of the past year, and we find them all that we anticipated. As text-books for schools I like them better than any other series of Grammars of the English language we have used, in an experience as teacher extending over more than twenty years.

The entire Series adopted for exclusive use in New Orleans, La.

In conformity with Article 9, Sec. 22d, of an Act approved March 11th, 1870, authorizing this Board to adopt Text-Books.

Resolved, That Harper's Language Series, by Swinton, be and the same is hereby designated and adopted for exclusive use in the public schools of this city. The same to be introduced as new books are required. Adopted.

I certify the above to be a true extract from minutes of a meeting of the Board of School Directors held January 5th, 1876. H. A. Corbin, *Secretary of Board.*

From Report of Supt. of Public Schools, Oshkosh, Wis.

Hitherto grammar had not been taught in the ward schools. The Grammar in use in the grammar and high schools was wholly unfit for the ward schools and the grammar schools. After careful examination, Swinton's Language Series (Primer, Lessons, Composition, and Grammar) was adopted. This series of Grammars seems to have made it possible for children to learn the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly, a need that has been seriously felt by those having charge of our schools. By making this change the Board were enabled to introduce the study of grammar in the first intermediate department of the ward schools, so that hereafter pupils in that department will be required to pursue that study for two years. (Signed)

June, 1876. Charles W. Felker, *Superintendent.*

From Report of the Committee on Schools, East Saginaw, Mich.

The instruction in English composition, as introduced into the intermediate grades, has removed a serious deficiency in our course of studies. The selection of Swinton's Language Lessons as a text-book for this branch of instruction is considered by your committee a very happy choice, and the good results accomplished during the past year must be largely ascribed to the excellence of this little book. By its help the study of rudiments of grammar has been made comparatively easy and attractive rather than otherwise. To judge by what has been done the past year, we are justified to expect that pupils who take a two years' course will acquire a fair degree of knowledge of the elements of the English grammar.

July 19th, 1876. (Signed) B. Hesse, H. W. Youmans, } *Committee on Schools.*

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Swinton's Language Lessons begins with the sentence, and by numerous exercises of various kinds, by plentiful instances illustrating the ordinary mistakes of children that the pupil is to correct, by simple definitions and plain directions, lays the foundation of correct writing. It is a fine and artistic example of the method pursued by an able and enthusiastic modern teacher who has studied his business, who knows what children need, who is familiar with the use of the black-board, who believes in the New Education, and who *cares for substance more than for show, and the development of the powers of thought rather than those of memory.*

Liberal terms for first introduction. Copies for examination with a view to introduction sent to teachers and school officers on receipt of half the retail price.

Catalogue and Descriptive Circulars of School and College Text-Books mailed free to any teacher or school officer on application.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS

Buy the SELF-INKING Columbian, **Strongest, Cheapest, Best,** will do the work of a $250 press. 4x6, $14; 5x7½, $27; 6x9, $37; 8x12, $60. Good Card Press, type, roller, ink, &c., $5. Send stamp for catalogue to Curtis & Mitchell, Type Founders, No. 21 Brattle St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE. | THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. D. S. WILTBERGER, Proprietor, 233 North Second St., Philadelphia.

AGENTS, Carpenters, Cabinet and Wagon Makers in each State and Territory and Canada, read. We pay $30 a week and expenses to General Agents who manufacture and sell our late inventions, and employ Sub. Agents.
M. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2469, St. Louis, Mo.

$10 to $25 a day sure made by Agents selling our Chromos, Crayons, Picture & Chromo Cards. 125 samples, worth $5, sent, postpaid, for 85c. Illustrated Catalogue free. **J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON.** Estab'd 1830.

$3 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample watch and outfit free to Agents.* For terms, address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

$57 60 Agents' Profits per week.—Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address **W. H. CHIDESTER, 218 Fulton St., N. Y.**

Imitation Gold Watches
$15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular Collins Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

A NEW DEPARTURE. TRAVELING and local salesmen wanted. STAPLE GOODS. NO PEDDLING. Salary $75 a month. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. S. A. GRANT & CO., manufacturers of ENVELOPES and PAPER, 2, 4, 6 and 8 Home St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SHORT HAND WITHOUT A MASTER. 63d edition. Mailed on receipt of 25 cents, by **HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,** No. 1 Chambers St., N. Y.

OPIUM and Morphine habit cured painless: No Publicity. Dr. CARLTON, 187 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address **J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

Revolvers 7-shot $2.50, 70 kinds. Guns & Rifles $5 to $500. Monster Ill. Cat. for 3-ct. stamp. Western Gun Works, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—first-class only—wanted throughout the U. S. to sell utensils; new, light, useful, ornamental, and needed universally. Address P.O. Box 564, N. Y.

$5937 Made by **17** Agents in January, '77, with my **13** New Articles. Samples free. Address **C. M. LININGTON,** Chicago.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

A RIDE TO KHIVA. A Ride to Khiva: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia. By Fred Burnaby (Captain Royal Horse Guards.) With Maps and an Appendix, containing among other information, a Series of March-routes, Compiled from a Russian Work. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

II.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD MACAULAY. Edited, with Occasional Notes, by George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $2 50. *(Uniform in size and style with the Library Edition of Macaulay's Life and Letters.)*

III.

THE PAPACY AND THE CIVIL POWER. By R. W. Thompson. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

IV.

JUSTIN MARTYR. The Apologies of Justin Martyr. To which is appended the Epistle to Diognetus. With an Introduction and Notes by Basil L. Gildersleeve, Ph.D. (Gött.) LL.D., Professor of Greek in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75. This is the Fifth Volume in the Series of Christian Greek and Latin Classics.

V.

CARNOCHAN'S SURGERY. Contributions to Operative Surgery and Surgical Pathology. By J. M. Carnochan, M.D., Formerly Professor of Surgery in the New York Medical College, Surgeon-in-Chief to the State Hospital, 1850–71, &c. Parts I. and II., together, 4to, Paper, $1 00.

VI.

LONG'S CENTRAL AFRICA. Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People. An Account of Expeditions to the Lake Victoria Nyanza and the Makraka Niam-Niam, West of the Bahr-El-Abiad (White Nile.) By Col. C. Chaillé Long, of the Egyptian Staff. Illustrated from Col. Long's own Sketches. With Map. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

VII.

PETER THE APOSTLE. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City; Author of "David King of Israel" and "Elijah the Prophet." 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

VIII.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS. With a Study of the Relations of Living and Extinct Faunas as Elucidating the Past Changes of the Earth's Surface. By Alfred Russel Wallace, Author of the "Malay Archipelago," &c. In Two Volumes. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $10 00.

IX.

PRACTICAL COOKING AND DINNER GIVING. A Treatise containing Practical Instructions in Cooking; in the Combination and Serving of Dishes; and in the Fashionable Modes of Entertaining at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. By Mrs. Mary F. Henderson. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

X.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND. The Poets and Poetry of Scotland: from the Earliest to the Present Time. Comprising Characteristic Selections from the Works of the more Noteworthy Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By James Grant Wilson. With Portraits on Steel. 2 volumes, 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Half Calf, $14 50; Full Morocco, $18 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in 8vo, Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

The Golden Butterfly. 75 cents.

Madcap Violet. By William Black. 50 cents; Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A Princess of Thule. By William Black. New Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Anne Warwick. By Georgiana M. Craik. 50 cents.

Weavers and Weft. By Miss Braddon. 25 cents.

Joshua Haggard's Daughter. By Miss Braddon. Illustrated. 75 cents.

The Sun-Maid. 50 cents.

Azalea. By Cecil Clayton. 50 cents.

The Duchess of Rosemary Lane. By B. L. Farjeon. 75 cents.

From Dreams to Waking. By E. Lynn Linton. 25 cents.

The Arundel Motto. By Mary Cecil Hay. 75 cents.

Harper's Household Edition of Thackeray's Works. Complete in 11 vols., illustrated, 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per volume. *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* are now ready. Other volumes are in preparation.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail or express, postage or freight prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

WANTED Salesmen to sell light Hardware to *dealers.* No Peddling. Salary, $1200 a year. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address DEFIANCE M'F'G' CO., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED MEN to travel and sell to **Dealers** our new unbreakable glass chimneys and lamp goods. **NO PEDDLING.** Salary liberal, business permanent. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. MONITOR LAMP CO., 264 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$39 Each week to Agents. Goods Staple. 10,000 testimonials received. Terms liberal. Particulars free. J. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

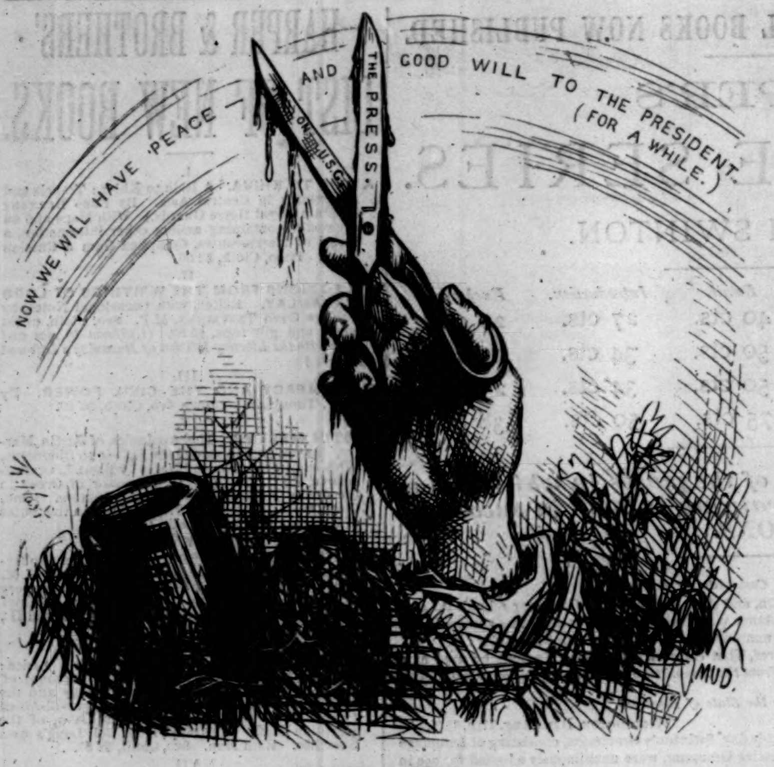
DEAFNESS RELIEVED. No Medicine. Book free. G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Hand Printing Stamps. Terms free. G. A. HARPER & BRO., Cleveland, O.

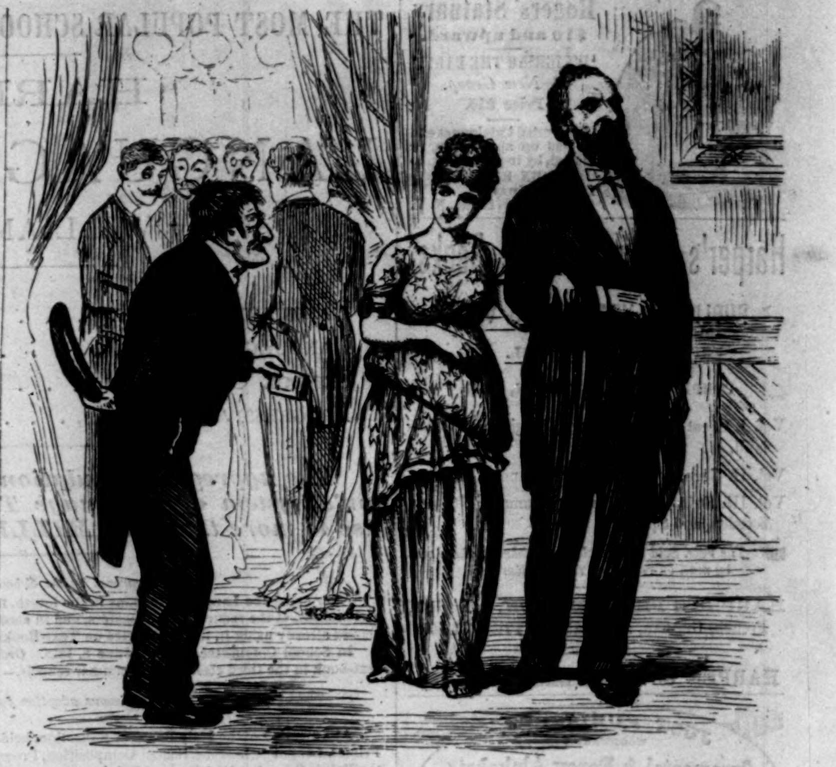
THE Demorest's Quarterly Journal of Fashions, **5c.;** yearly, **10c.,** post free. 17 East 14th Street, N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

$55 to $77 A Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.


NOW WE WILL HAVE PEACE — AND GOOD WILL TO THE PRESIDENT. (FOR A WHILE.)
THE PRESS.
ON U.S.G.
MUD

MARCH 4, 1877.



Mrs. U. S. "Thanks, Mr. Tilden. I have promised to dance this set with Mr. Hayes."

THE PRODIGAL.

Inheritors of vast wealth are proverbially spendthrifts. The golden ore is dug from the mine, refined, and coined by the labor of other hands and the sweat of other brows. Like children playing with an expensive toy, they can form no just estimate of its value. When the donor weighed it, he cast into the balance so many days of unremitting and fatiguing toil, so many anxious and sleepless nights, so much self-denial, and so much care. But the inheritor into his balance throws only — pleasure. The one values it by what it cost him; the other, for what it will purchase. Like the prodigal in the Scripture parable, he thoughtlessly expends it to gratify the caprice and cravings of his nature. Then comes the last scene—the misery, the remorse, and the long and wearisome journey back to the home of frugal industry. But there are other prodigals. On her favorites our bounteous parent, Nature, has lavished her richest treasure—health. But the prodigal values it lightly, for it cost him naught, and recklessly squanders it in riotous living. Present pleasure obscures future want. Soon the curtain rises on the last scene. We see him helpless, impoverished—the rich treasures of body and mind all lost—in misery and despair. Remorseful Conscience holds up to him the mirror of memory. In his own reckless folly he perceives the cause of his present pain. He resolves to return. The journey is long and tedious, but if he perseveringly follows the right road he will at length see the haven of his hopes in the distance, and Nature, seeing her invalid child afar off, will come out to meet him, and receive him back with love and blessing. To find the right road homeward, the suffering prodigal should read "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser." Therein it is completely mapped out, its landmarks all indicated, and its mile-stones all numbered. Read it. Price $1 50 (postage prepaid). Address the author and publisher, R. V. Pierce, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Price $10.
BEST AIR RIFLE.
H. M. Quackenbush, Mfr.,
Send for Circular. Herkimer, N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.
HIGHEST AWARDS AT
FOUR GREAT
WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS:
Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875;
PHILADELPHIA, 1876.
Only organs assigned first rank at Centennial.
Regarded as unequaled by musicians generally. Great variety of styles at prices which would be impossible for work of such excellence without unequaled facilities for manufacture.
EXAMPLES OF CASH PRICES:
Five octave double reed organ, with tremulant, $100
Five octave organ, nine stops, with voix celeste, $114
Sold also for monthly or quarterly payments, or rented until rent pays. Catalogues free.
MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.
154 Tremont St., BOSTON. 25 Union Sq., NEW YORK. 80 Adams St., CHICAGO.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Babbitt's Toilet Soap.
Unrivaled for the toilet and the bath. No artificial and deceptive odors to cover common and deleterious ingredients. After years of scientific experiment the manufacturer of B. T. Babbitt's Best Soap has perfected and now offers to the public
The Finest Toilet Soap in the World.
Only the purest vegetable oils used in its manufacture.
For Use in the Nursery it has No Equal.
Worth ten times its cost to every mother and family in Christendom. Sample box, containing 3 cakes of 6 ozs. each, sent free to any address on receipt of 75 cents. Address
B. T. BABBITT,
New York City.
☞ For Sale by all Druggists. ☜

First Premium
Awarded by Centennial Exposition to
Electro-Silicon
The best article for Cleaning & Polishing Silverware, Household Utensils, &c.
COFFIN, REDINGTON, & CO.,
No. 9 Gold St., N. Y.

CONTRIBUTIONS
TO
Operative Surgery
AND
Surgical Pathology.

BY

J. M. CARNOCHAN, M.D.,

FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE, SURGEON-IN-CHIEF TO THE STATE HOSPITAL, 1850-71, ETC., ETC.

This work will be published in a series of Numbers, to be issued quarterly. Each Number, of quarto size, will contain from Thirty-two to Forty-eight Pages of Letter-press, printed on the best paper, with Illustrations of the Cases drawn from nature, and will be complete in the topics it embraces.

Parts I. and II. (double number) now ready, price $1 00.

PARTS I. and II. Introductory Address on the Study of Science.—Elephantiasis Arabum of the Lower Extremity Successfully Treated by Ligature of the Femoral Artery, with other Cases.—Elephantiasis Arabum of the Head, Face, and Neck Treated Successfully by Ligature of both Common Carotid Arteries.—Remarks on the Ligation of the Common Trunk of the Femoral Artery, in Relation to Secondary Hemorrhage following Amputation of the Thigh; and in Hemorrhage from Wounds of the Plantar Arteries, and of the Posterior and Anterior Tibial Arteries, with Cases.

Dr. Carnochan's name is associated honorably with those of a generation of surgeons that has well nigh passed away, and is as distinctly identified as a leading one in the great feature that is most entitled to intellectual pre-eminence in surgery. It is a distinction of American surgery that it is inventive above surgery in all other countries; that it possesses in a peculiar degree the best distinctive feature of surgical art; and the body of evidence presented in the history of cases included in the plan of Dr. Carnochan's volume will establish his right to an honorable distinction for this particular in the number of the great surgeons this country has produced.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Ten Numbers are in course of preparation and will form one complete volume, the first of a series.

Terms of Subscription, 75 cents each single Part; Parts I. and II., together, $1 00.

☞ *Sent by mail on receipt of price.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.
Absolutely Pure.
FULL WEIGHT, FULL STRENGTH, FULL MEASURE.
☞ Will go one-third farther than adulterated or short-weight kinds. Consumers may obtain this unequaled powder of grocers, or send 60 cents for 1 lb. can to Royal Baking Powder Co., New York, and receive postage paid, by return mail, with recipes for making the celebrated Vienna Rolls, Biscuit, Cakes, Corn Bread, Muffins, &c.

UNION ADAMS
MANUFACTURES TO ORDER
Fine Shirts, Collars, & Drawers
847 BROADWAY.

A GREAT OFFER!! We will during these hard times dispose *of* 100 PIANOS & ORGANS, new and second-hand *of* first-class makers including WATERS' at lower prices for cash *or* Installments *or* to let until paid for than ever before offered. WATERS' GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS & ORGANS (INCLUDING THEIR NEW SOUVENIR AND BOUDOIR) are the BEST MADE. LOCAL & TRAVELING AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. A liberal discount *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Lodges, &c.* Sheet music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East 14th St., Union Square, N. Y.

Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving.

Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving. A Treatise containing Practical Instructions in Cooking; in the Combination and Serving of Dishes; and in the Fashionable Modes of Entertaining at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. By Mrs. Mary F. Henderson. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Mrs. Senator Henderson has rendered an acceptable service to the women of America by the preparation of this thoroughly practical as well as thoroughly sensible book. She not only shows how to prepare and cook dishes, but how to serve them elegantly, and how to entertain company with quiet grace and refinement at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Having pursued courses of study with cooking teachers in America and Europe, she has the knowledge and experience requisite for the judicious selection of ingredients and for their preparation for the table; and we think she has successfully carried out her aim to produce "a simple and practical book which will enable a family to live well and in good style, and, at the same time, with reasonable economy." * * * There is no detail of the economy of the table that is overlooked by Mrs. Henderson, and many of these are made more intelligible by illustrative engravings. We commend the book to the attention of the ladies.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

Contains every thing that even the most rigidly exacting of eaters could ask his cook to know; and which is, therefore, just the volume to be used by persons who have to do their own cooking. * * * Is something more than a volume on cookery, important though cookery is, and ever must be. Not only is it a work for those who eat to live, but it has the highest claims on those who live to eat, a smaller but wise class, and possessed of immense influence. There is nothing neglected, but every thing is done that can be required of the fullest professional and professorial skill, and well done, too—done to a turn. These pages fortify the intelligent mind, and enlighten the mind that is ignorant.—*Boston Traveller.*

It makes, probably, one of the completest books of its kind that have been published. If good housewives are to be educated, at least in theory, this work will make a tip-top text-book.—*Chicago Post.*

Mrs. Henderson has done us a good service in that she has essayed to tell us how with a moderate expenditure we can make the dinner table attractive.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Mrs. Mary F. Henderson is another example of a woman of intellect and culture who has a just appreciation of the exalted office and opportunities of the housekeeper. * * * The recipes and directions are a valuable offering to American women. They treat the culinary art as a high art, and make it seem what it is, the most seemly and desirable accomplishment a woman can possess. They teach those who have not had instruction in the school of experience how to concoct a multitude of delicate and savory dishes for breakfast, lunch, and dinner; the modes of serving them in the prettiest and most inviting fashion; and how to manage the entire etiquette of the table in accordance with the usages of polite society. The recipes are choice and trustworthy, and the book, as a whole, is a treasure which every housekeeper desiring to increase her knowledge and skill should hasten to possess.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. Henderson is a public benefactor, and we wish that a copy of her book could be placed in every household.—*Evening Times*, Albany.

Mrs. Henderson's book is an uncommonly interesting and sensible one. * * * Her teachings are also adapted for housekeepers with moderate means, and those who give themselves up to her guidance will live well, comfortably, and elegantly. — *Providence Journal*, R. I.

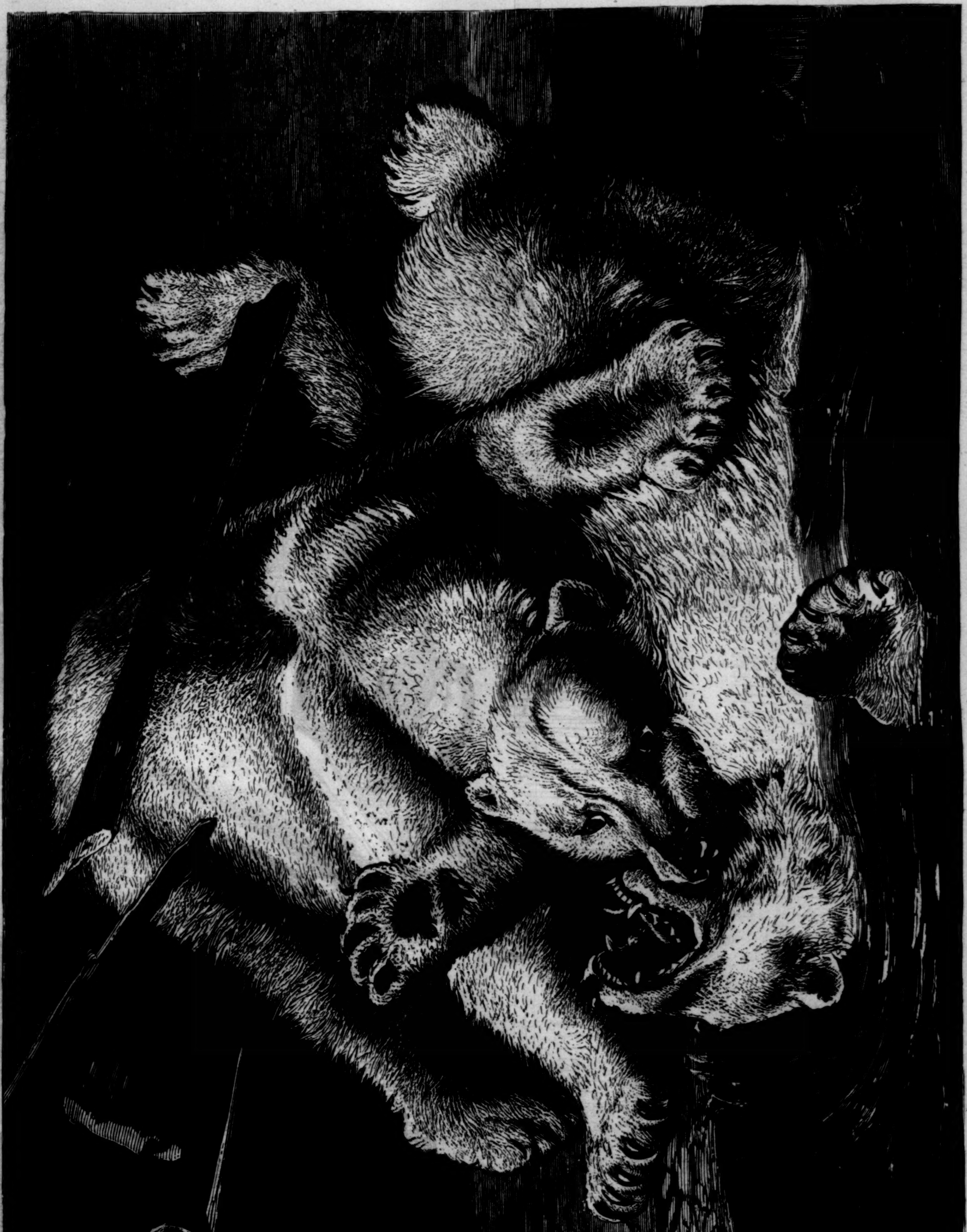
Portable, intelligible, and excellent.—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

It tells how to serve dishes as well as how to cook them, and gives many useful instructions concerning the art of entertaining, some of which will help housekeepers to avoid serving what Lamb called "roast lady" with their dinners. The recipes are not too many, and a skilled housewife has found all of them good.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

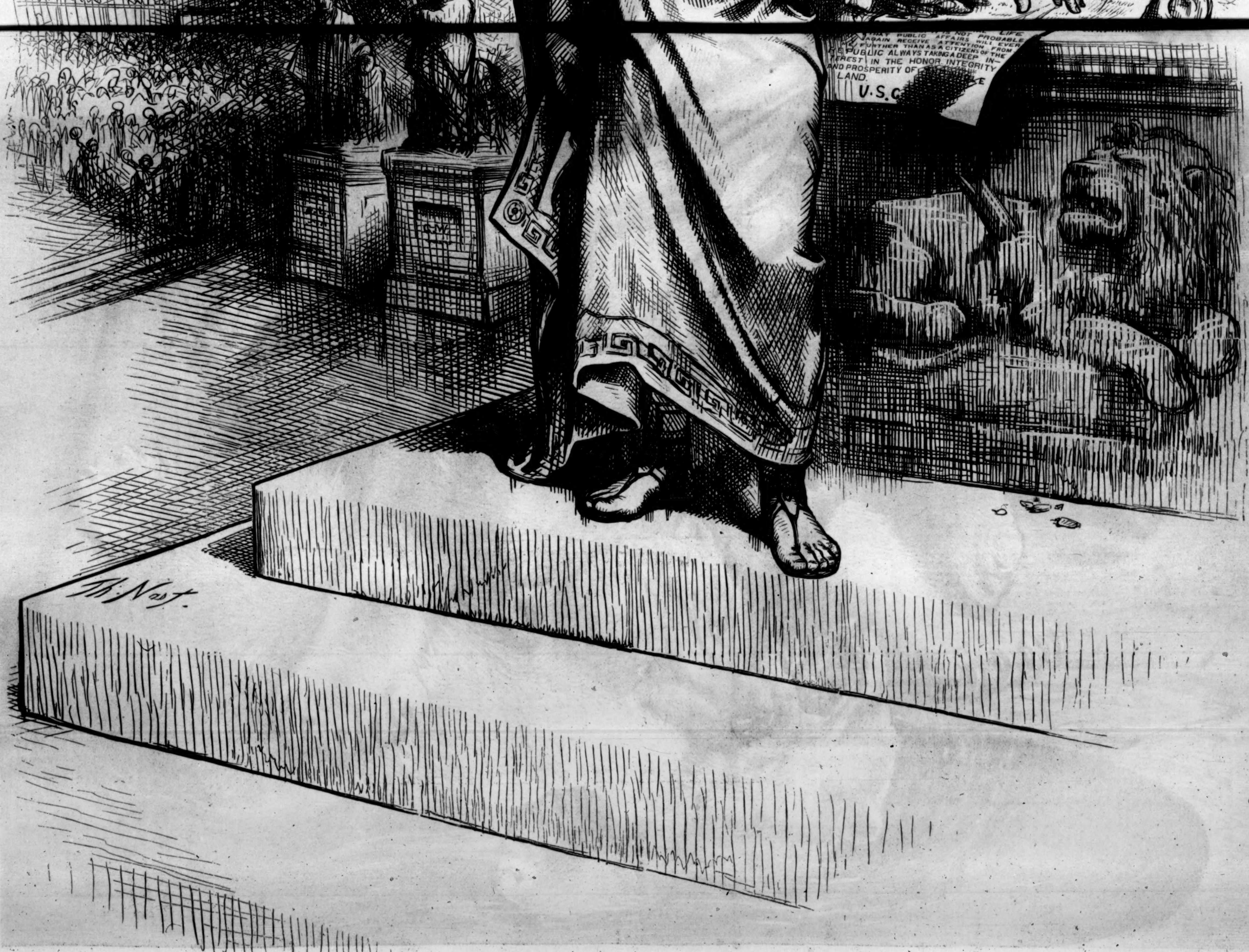
We can not go so far as a critical contemporary who assigns Mrs. Henderson a place by the side of Moses and St. Paul, but we are sure that many will find in her instructive volume a new revelation of household arts and social observances which will contribute to the comfort and refinement of the family, and thus to the "peace and dignity of the commonwealth."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

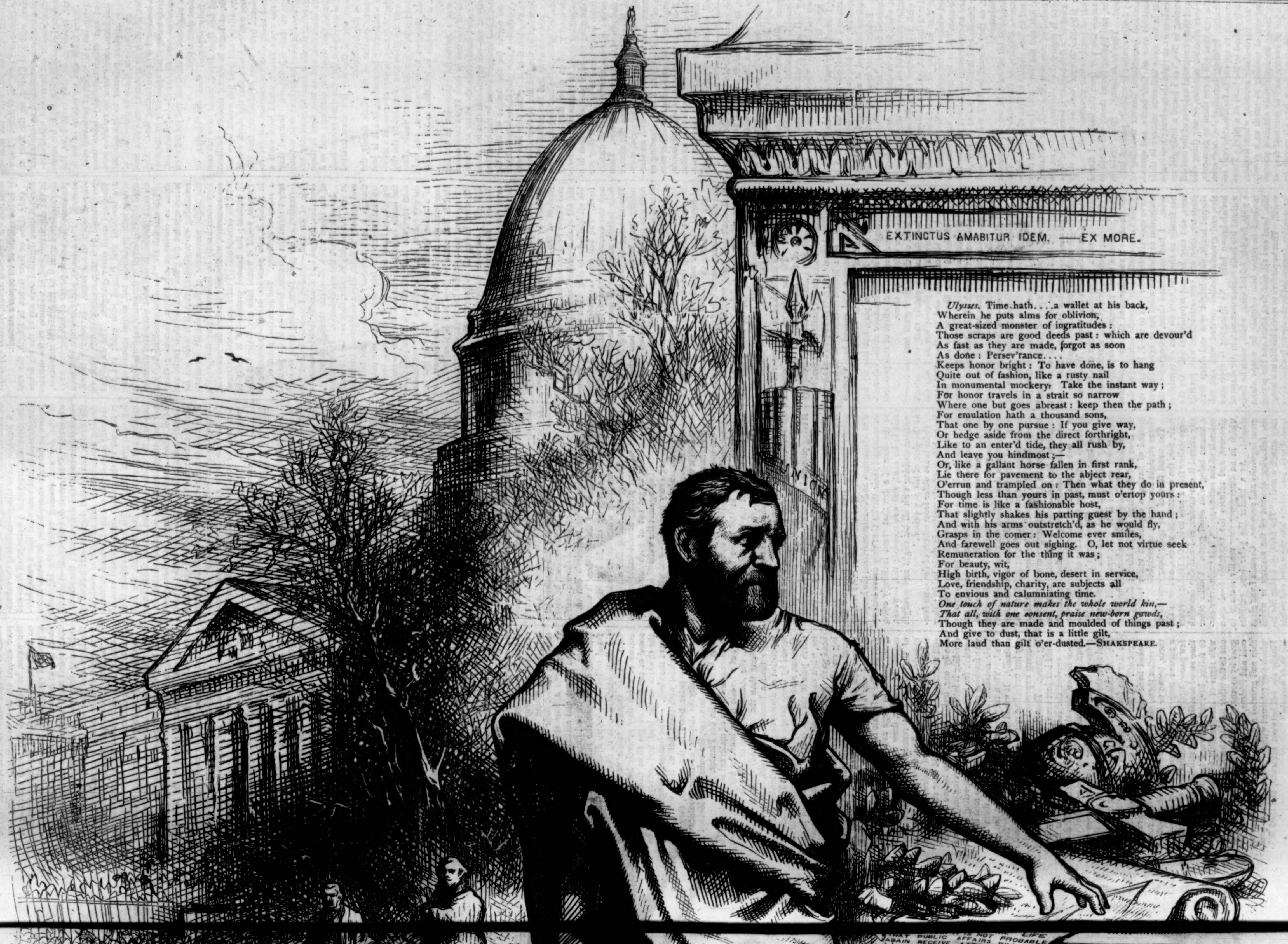


FIGHT BETWEEN POLAR BEARS IN THE COLOGNE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—[SEE PAGE 220.]



LIFE
THAT PUBLIC AFFAIRS IS NOT PROBABLE
AGAIN RECEIVE ATTENTION WILL EVER
FURTHER THAN AS A CITIZENS OF THE FROM
REPUBLIC ALWAYS TAKING A DEEP IN-
TEREST IN THE HONOR INTEGRITY
AND PROSPERITY OF E
LAND.
V.S.C
Th: Nast.

FUNCTUS OFFICIO.


EXTINCTUS AMABITUR IDEM. —EX MORE.
UNION

Ulysses. Time hath. . . .a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Persev'rance. . . .
Keeps honor bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.—SHAKSPEARE.